

THE CIRCLE

VOLUME 34 ISSUE 2



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THE CIRCLE

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Tia Filhiol, Vicki Johnson, Rebecca Lakin

Poetry

Chloe Hobdy, Caitlin Kearns, Ari Randle

ABOUT THE CIRCLE

The Circle is Auburn University's general interest magazine. It serves as a forum for the artists, writers, photographers, and designers of Auburn University. Our goal is that this publication will accurately represent the diverse talents and abilities of the Auburn community. The Auburn Circle is free to all students. Issues are published once every fall and spring. Students from all majors, alumni, faculty, staff, and supporters of Auburn University are invited to submit to The Circle.

Letter from the Editor

This spring, The Circle staff decided to explore the world of studying abroad. Every semester Auburn students travel all over the world to study or intern in a different culture. The pictures used for the theme were taken by these students and represent their unique experiences.

This theme is also very exciting for me, because last summer I had the incredible opportunity to study in London. Living in another country taught me a lot about myself and about the world. It was one of the best and most rewarding experiences of my life, and one I will never forget.

It is the richness of this experience that we hope will show through in the following pages.

I want to thank the Circle staff for their efforts this year in selecting pieces, working on themes and helping with the design. I have been blessed with incredible support from the assistant editor, Amy LaRue, and I would like to especially thank her for all of her hard work.

Thanks again to every student and faculty member who submitted work. This magazine serves as a general interest magazine to showcase the abilities of Auburn's writers, photographers, artists and designers. I hope you enjoy this trip around the world and the work of our students and faculty.

Sincerely,

Katy Donaldson
Katy Donaldson



"You see, we cannot stay home all our lives... we must show ourselves to the world and look upon it as an adventure."

-Miss Potter



Amy Steinkampf
Sophomore
Applied Mathematics
Favorite Place She's Been:
The top of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris
Place She Wants to Go:
Tokyo, Japan

Richard Price
Freshman
English
Favorite Place He's Been:
The catacombs beneath Paris
Place He Wants to Go:
Germany



Becca Burslem
Freshman
Interior Design
Favorite Place She's Been:
Puerto Rico
Place She Wants to Go:
Italy

Hallie Johnston
Junior
English
Favorite Place She's Been:
Oxford, England
Place She Wants to Go:
Italy



Brooke Glassford
Sophomore
Public Relations
Favorite Place She's Been:
England
Place She Wants to Go:
Ireland

Grace Halbert
Freshman
History
Favorite Place She's Been:
Wengen, Switzerland
Place She Wants to Go:
Thailand



Erika Bilbo
Sophomore
Graphic Design
Favorite Place She's Been:
London, England
Place She Wants to Go:
Anywhere that I haven't been yet

Rebecca Lakin
Sophomore
Journalism
Favorite Place She's Been:
Dublin, Ireland
Place She Wants to Go:
New Zealand



Anna Elmore
Junior
English
Favorite Place She's Been:
Cade's Cove in Tennessee
Place She Wants to Go:
Anywhere and Everywhere





Sarah Humphreys

Freshman

English

Favorite Place She's Been:
Boston

Place She Wants to Go:
Ireland

Amy LaRue

Senior

English

Favorite Place She's Been:
Dublin, Ireland

Place She Wants to Go:
Prague, Czech Republic



Beth Parmer

Sophomore

Zoology/Conservation

Favorite Place She's Been:
Discovery Cove
Place She Wants to Go:
anywhere tropical

Caitlin Kearns

Sophomore

Pre-Psychology

Favorite Place She's Been:
Spain
Place She Wants to Go:
Rome, Italy



Vicki Johnson

Sophomore

Journalism

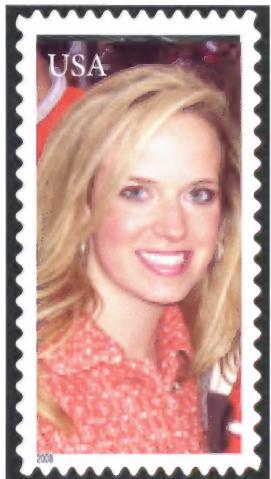
Favorite Place She's Been:
Australia
Place She Wants to Go:
Thailand and the Maldives

Sara Beth Brown

Junior

Spanish, Accounting

Favorite Place She's Been:
Spain
Place She Wants to Go:
Everywhere



Tia Filhiol

Junior

Nutrition and Dietetics

Favorite Place She's Been:
Paris, France
Place She Wants to Go:
Italy

Heather-Ann Schaeffner

Freshman

Public Administration

Favorite Place She's Been:
My own imagination
Place She Wants to Go:
Everywhere





Brittany Browder
Junior
English
Favorite Place She's Been:
Contadora in the Pearl
Islands
Place She Wants to Go:
Tokyo, Japan



Kristina Tanner
Junior
Interior Design
Favorite Place She's Been:
New Orleans, Louisiana
Place She Wants to Go:
Italy



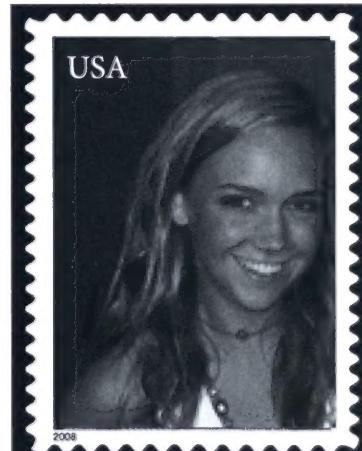
Chloe Hobdy
Sophomore
English
Favorite Place She's Been:
Savannah, Georgia
Place She Wants to Go:
London, England



Ari Randle
Sophomore
Public Relations
Favorite Place She's Been:
New York City before 9/11
Place She Wants to Go:
Egypt



Morgan Cash
Sophomore
Apparel Merchandising
Favorite Place She's Been:
New York City, NY
Place She Wants to Go:
Paris, France



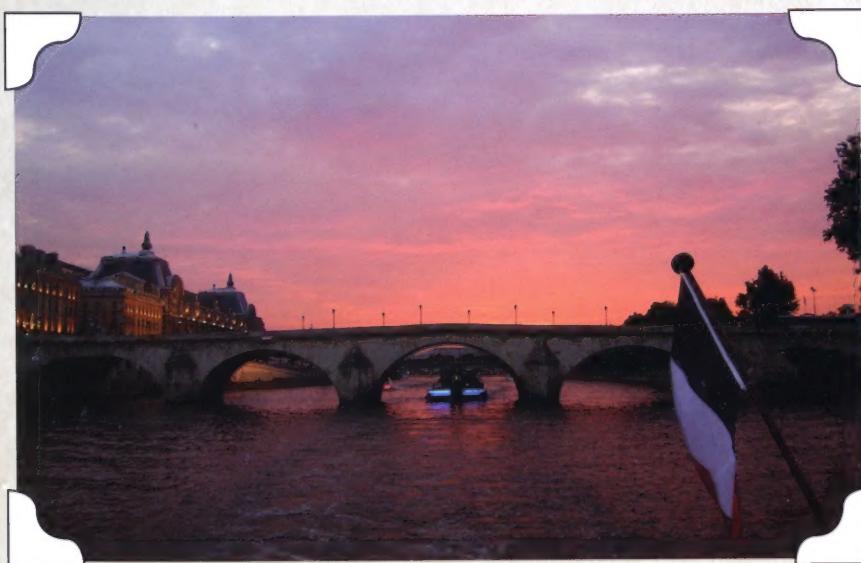
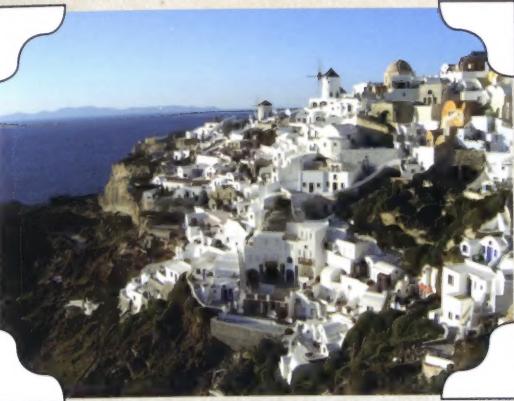
Emily Morgan
Junior
Graphic Design
Favorite Place She's Been:
Monterrey, Mexico
Place She Wants to Go:
India



Kathryn Cooper
Sophomore
Fine Arts
Favorite Place She's Been:
Mexico
Place She Wants to Go:
Paris, France



Terran Wilson
Senior
Architecture
Favorite Place She's Been:
Swaziland, Africa
Place She Wants to Go:
Barcelona, Spain



Europe





A Walk in the Clouds
Thomas Webb

Quest
Allison Cleveland

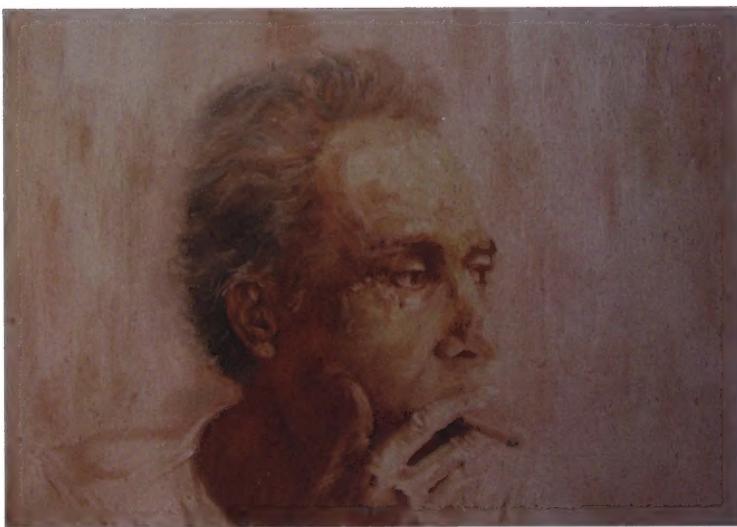




Ben Affleck
Max Bickelhaup

My Cousin Carrie
Kathryn Cooper





Chinese Beggar Woman
James Hammond

Robust
Mary Catherine Clem

Ercument Dayi
Cem Kayatekin

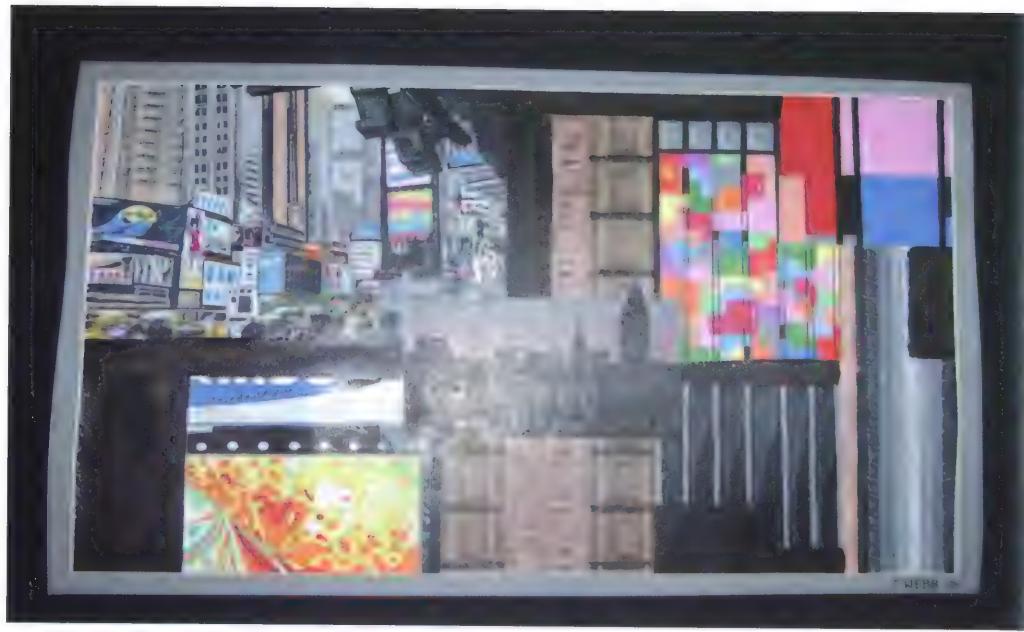
The Butcher
Max Bickelhaup



Curves
Sarah Rhodes

Big Ben
Cem Kayatekin

Perfect Squid Flower
Becca Burslem



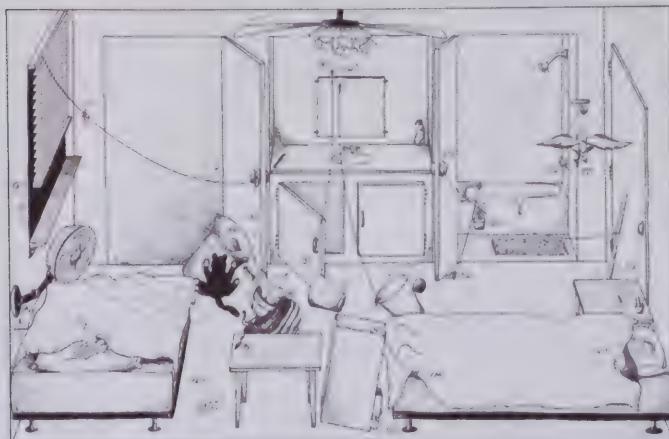
Moutains
Thomas Webb

NYC
Emily Krenkel

Hat
Nick Paolucci



Machine for Turning Off the Lights From Bed



Student Jerry goes to bed one night and has a dream of how to turn off the lights from bed.

Head hitting pillow turns on fan (A) which blows pen off desk (B) and causes cat to sprint across room (C) knocking over clothes hamper (D) which opens closet door (E) pulling blinds down (F) tipping plant off window sill (G) which knocks backpack over (H) and hits trash can (I) into cabinet (J) which pulls string that turns on fan (K) causing roommate to get cold (L) and pull covers over (M) pulling string that pulls shelf over (N) and makes loud noise that wakes up bird (O) causing bird to try and fly away (P) which pulls string that turns on shower (Q) that fills up bucket with water (R) which pulls string that removes door stop (S) shutting door that knocks over broom (T) which falls and pushes book off desk (U) and knocks over trash can (V) pulling string that turns off lights (W).



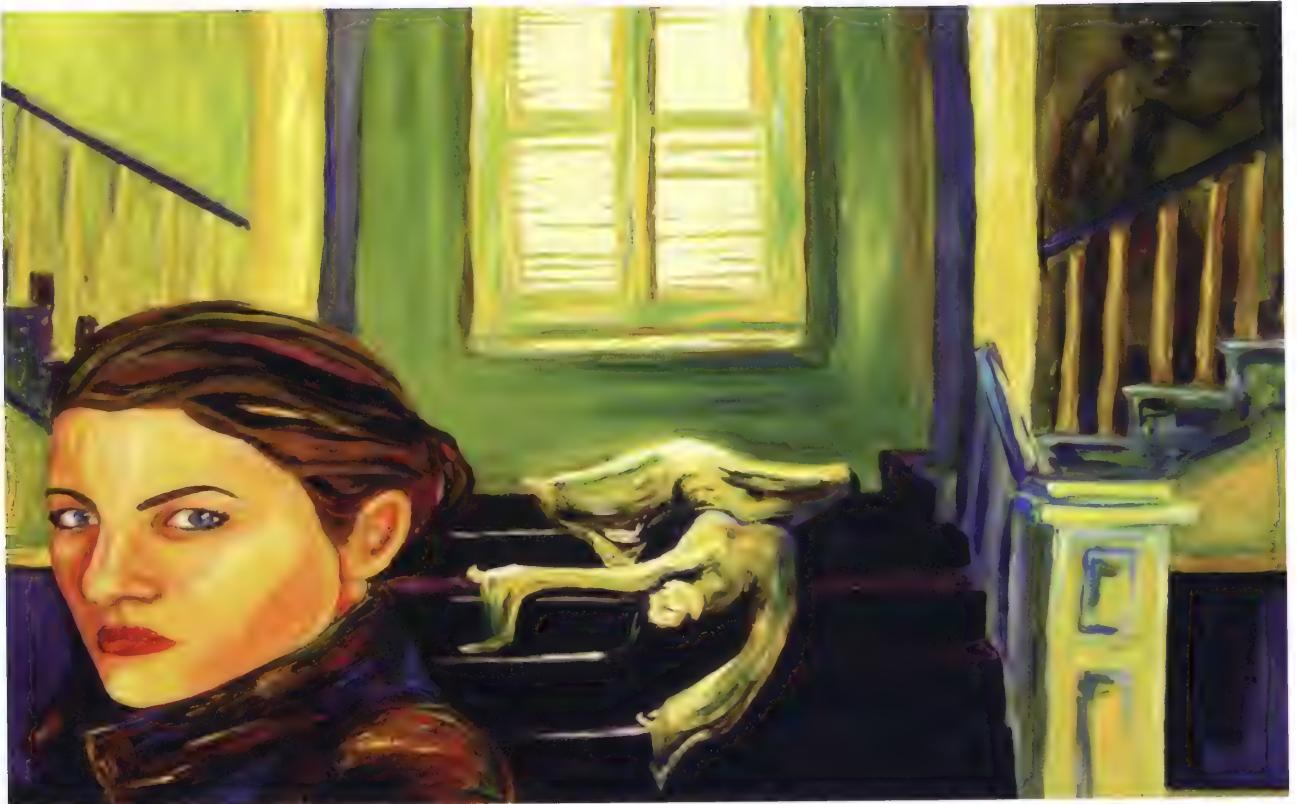
Empire
Matthew Smith

*Machine for Turning Off the
Lights from Bed*
Courtney Starr

Winged Victory
Chris Bisset

Sir Death
David J. Perry



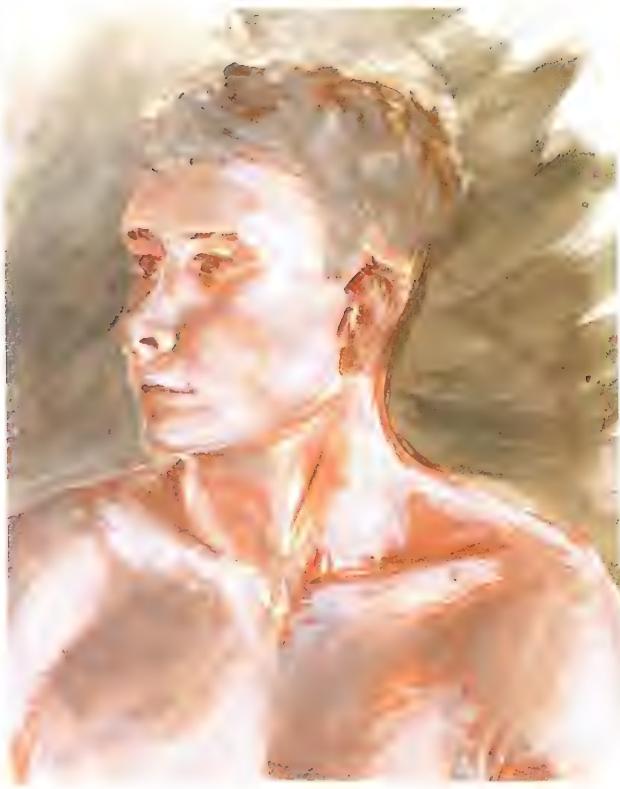


Own Worst Enemy
Allison Cleveland

Run Red
Mary Catherine Clem

Confusion
Max Bickelhaup





Good Day Sir!
Max Bickelhaup

Before the Cataclysm
Kyle Chauvin

Just a Boy
Sarah Rhodes

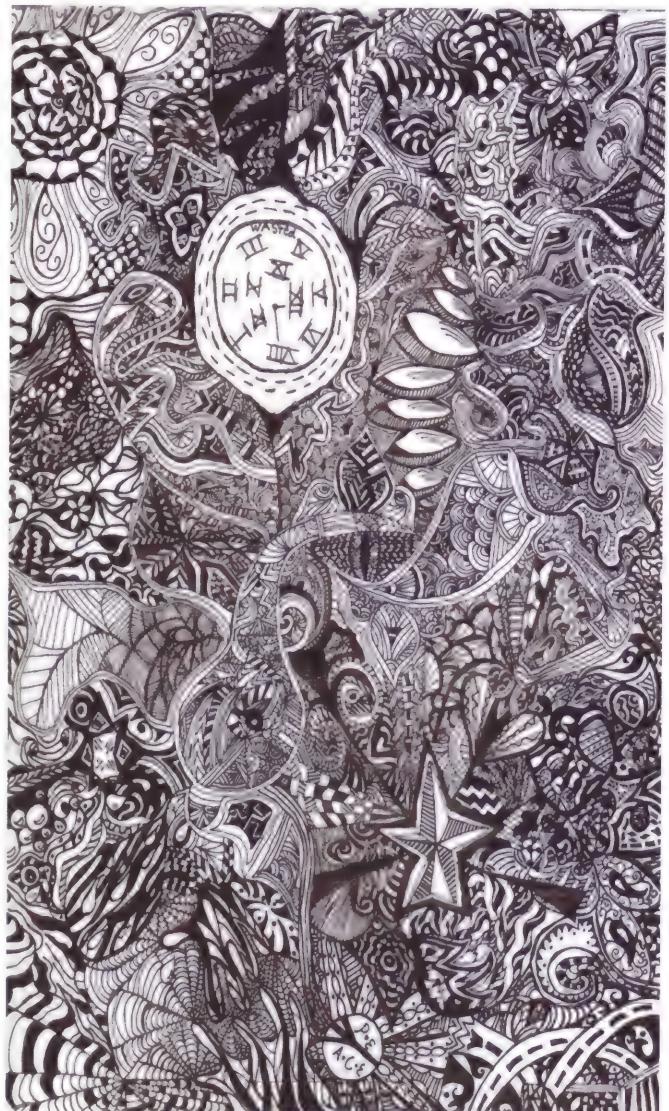




We Are All Responsible
Kathryn Cooper

Holding Hands
Amanda Claybrook

Drawing
Katherine Konzal





Doubt Your Limits
Courtney Starr

The Stress Alleviation Station
Courtney Starr

Corn
Courtney Starr



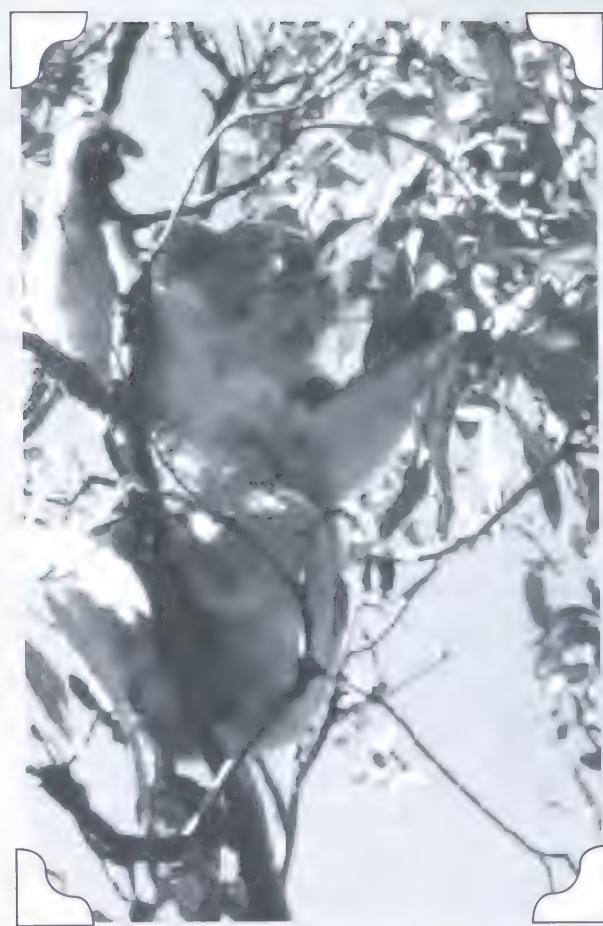


Shadows
Becca Burslem

Untitled
Max Bickelhaup

Fire
Sarah Bennett





Australia



The Darkness

MICHAEL ZEKOFF

His eyes snapped open and his head rose as reality sprang instantly into focus, ears filled with the echoes of his retreating dreams. Where had that sound come from? Adrenaline poured through his veins and shocked life into his trembling muscles. Something reverberated down the halls of his mind and he grasped futilely at it, unable to figure out whether his ears or a sixth sense had picked up on it; much less what it had been. The shadows that crouched in every corner of the room were given life by his whirling brain, waiting to pounce at his slightest movement. He was frozen halfway between lying down and sitting up, straining for every sound like a deaf man who had been abruptly restored to hearing.

He waited, eyes darting about the room searching for movement, ears quivering from the strain of the quiet. But the shadows did not pounce, and the sound did not return. There was a silence that now pervaded, and it was deeply unnerving; even more so because his heart was still pounding uncontrollably. Had it been a dream? Perhaps... but as he let his head sink to the pillow again, he was terribly unsure. Possessed by a vague but powerful sense of unease, he gazed at the ceiling in the pre-dawn grey, eyes searching blankness as his mind did the same.

There!—He sat bolt upright—there it was again: he could swear he heard a distant, wailing voice, somewhere between a cry for help and a laugh. This was the sound that had flooded his slumber with consciousness and anxiety. He struggled to make sense of it, to commit it to memory, still unsure if it was merely a trick of a partially conscious mind, or something else...some paranormal acuity of his senses, some comic-book superpower alerting him to something that demanded his attention. And this time it hung in the air like a thick mist, refusing to be dispelled and coating everything it touched in its particular brand of fear. But it contained no more meaning than before. He tilted his head to the right and his eyes found the clock on the nightstand—too early to call it morning; too late to say night. He noticed his pocketknife sitting next to the clock. For a reason that he couldn't put his finger on, something about seeing that knife touched an elemental part of his unconscious, and he felt compelled to get out of bed and have a look around. He reached over and picked it up from the table.

Suddenly a new thought burst into his head: perhaps someone had broken into the house. His eyes sprang wide

open again, and terror overcame him that someone he loved might be hurt. The fear alone pushed everything else out of his mind, even the thought of the sound that had brought him to this point. Every hair on his body stood straight up, as if he had been sheathed in static, and a thousand images flashed through his mind in an instant—every childlike fear, every shadow-dwelling fiend he could imagine suddenly loomed monstrously into the anticipation of what might be waiting for him outside the safety of his bedroom. His first thought was to call the police, but it was instantly superseded by machismo—he thought of having a squad car arrive at his house only to find it perfectly secure, and found the cost in pride to be too high. It was resolved, then—he'd go take a look himself. There was a split-second as he swung his feet out of bed in which he was paralyzed with the uncertainty of what awaited. For an instant he cowered inside of his own mind, wanting to lie back down in bed, throw the covers over his head, and plead for daylight. Then that same testosterone-fueled mixture of pride and anger pushed those thoughts back into the recesses of his psyche, and he stood up.

Each step away from the bed was as slow and cautious as if he were learning to walk again. Light trimmed the edges of the bedroom door, beckoning him like the call of the sirens—he was too mesmerized to turn around now, whether he wanted to or not. Inching closer and fiddling the handle of the knife with his fingers of his right hand, he finally reached the door, grasped the knob and turned it slowly. A half-twist, and he eased it open toward himself bit by bit. The first thing he noticed as he peeked out of the crack was that nearly every light in the house was on. He didn't think he would have gone to bed without turning them off, and that played on his fears; but he was relieved that now, at least, he'd be able to see an intruder. He opened the door fully and felt his last chance to turn back evaporate as the bright glow spilled into the darkness of his bedroom.

The full illumination did help to quell the fear a bit, yet somehow heightened the mystery that pervaded the entire scene. His steps out into the house were silent, though his heart threatened to break his ribs from the inside as an anxious excitement pulsed through every nerve and made the stillness far more intense. He half-wished for a peal of thunder, or the crash of something breaking downstairs—even a gunshot would have been almost a relief. As he edged toward the staircase, careful to avoid the areas that he knew would creak under his weight, he opened the blade on the pocketknife and was silently thankful that the carpet muffled his footsteps. He reached the staircase and took one cautious, deliberate step down the first wooden stair, then another. Crouching slowly to get a better look around

the rail, he peered down, knife at the ready, expecting anything and nothing.

Nothing. Two more stairs down and he craned his neck to look into the empty room. He pricked his ears and listened carefully, waiting for some noise, anything that might betray the intruder's position, or intent.

A minute passed—nothing.

Another minute—not a sound. There was no one else awake in the house. He broke the breathless silence by purging his burning lungs. Halfway down the stairs he sat, relieved.

And yet...not as relieved as he felt like he should have been. While his heart slowed its relentless pounding, he found that his emotions bordered on a strange disappointment. He caught himself almost wishing there had been some sort of confrontation for all of his trouble, and knew simultaneously that made no sense. Yet he was still surprised by the fact that he felt, somehow, cheated—like the universe owed him some kind of reward for screwing his courage to the sticking point and marching out to battle. And whatever that sixth sense was that had filled his mind and had called him to this moment was still humming away, though the memory of the sound was already fading. He was certain that he was awake for a reason.

As he surveyed his domain in that peculiar frame of mind produced by being awake at a strange time, he was stricken again by how odd it seemed to go to bed and leave all the lights on. Had he been the last one awake? He couldn't remember now. The glow was almost sinister at this hour, and the strangeness of the entire episode was starting to puzzle him. It felt almost like he was watching himself as he got out of bed, and crept out of the room, and sat on the stairs in reflection; the unusual circumstances had allowed him to be the interpreter instead of the actor. Being stuck in this intermediary stasis had robbed him of the fog of routine and custom and forced him to sit and observe things from a different perspective.

The adrenaline was slowly fading, and he was vaguely irritable with the lights for the stinging they caused in his eyes, which had not fully adjusted yet. He looked back up the stairs to the open door of his bedroom and the welcoming darkness, feeling silly now for the fact that he had gotten out of bed at all. He closed the blade on the knife and let it fall harmlessly to the stair his feet were resting on, and his eyes followed as it clattered down two more stairs before coming to rest near the bottom.

He stared down after it and his eyes glazed slowly over, falling out of focus in the way that they tend to do from looking at the same thing too long. The longer he sat, the

more purposeless he felt. Looking at that knife, he realized that he wouldn't have known what to do with it even if he had a chance to use it. Yet it represented something he intensely wanted to take part in; perhaps some understanding he lacked. The stinging rays of light bored into his eyeballs, rattled around in his mind, and took a dive into his heart. He rode them downward and took a long look inside, searching for—anything. It was very empty, he thought, and made him uncomfortable. There didn't appear to be any reference points by which he could steady himself, or place himself in the context of the vacancy. He reached out, grasping for something that might dispel his loneliness and give him identity again. The meekest ember of passion smoldering deep inside, the faintest ray of truth to validate his purpose would have sufficed. Here, in his core, he desired only something that would legitimate him, assure him that he was meaningful, that he was everything he told himself he was.

But the only thing he found in the emptiness was that he had no idea who he really was. He could make out insubstantial forms, facts about himself—but when he stripped away their ornamentation, they were just facts. They were transient; they could all change tomorrow. And if they did, if they were all replaced with new facts, would that change him? He wanted the answer to be no, knew that it had to be. But he couldn't escape, not in this moment. The light shone deeply into him, heedless of his attempts to retreat back into the shadow. A desperate yelp issued from the recesses of his mind, somewhere between a cry for help and a laugh. Yet no echo returned to him from the abyss of his heart.

Then it was over, even more quickly than it had begun. Overcome by the departure of his adrenaline, or perhaps merely fleeing from the harshness of the light, he allowed the epiphany to fade. How something so steeped in truth could ever be lost, how such a moment could possibly fail to change his life forever, he would never know—it was already forgotten.

He went back upstairs and brushed his teeth, although he didn't really know why, then shut the door to his room and crawled back under the covers. The knife lay where it had come to rest on the stairs. It was close enough to morning that he could have stayed up, but still dark enough to catch a nap. He toyed idly with the decision. Just before sleep reclaimed its hold on him, he remembered that he had forgotten to turn the lights off again.

They burned on, cold and true, into the comforting warmth of the darkness.

Daddy's Little Girl

RICHARD PRICE

"Oh honey I'm going to be late for work, could you drop Sarah off at school today?" asked my wife as she gathered her things.

"What? But you always leave at this time. I've got stuff to do," I complained.

"Excuse me? What do you have to do?" she asked, glaring at me from behind her dark rimmed glasses. "What do you ever do!?"

"Look, I'm going to make it happen, just give me some more time."

"It's been five months Jack!" she yelled.

"Well you can't just force creativity you know?"

"Well you damn sure better, because if you don't, Sarah and I are just going to have to leave," she threatened.

"What? Where would you even go?"

"I've got friends Jack. Friends and family. You've already lost all of them. Do you really want to lose the rest?" she asked.

I said nothing. My hurt and rage inside informed my mind that it was best not to open my mouth anymore at that point in time. Claire glared at me for a moment more before realizing that by arguing with me, she had delayed her departure another three minutes.

"Just take her today for me okay Jack? That's all I ask." She said, her eyes glistening.

"Sure." I whispered before lowering my gaze to the empty table in front of me.

"Daddy!" called the soft angelic voice of Sarah from upstairs.

"You ready to go?" I called back.

"I can't find my shoes!"

"They're down here sweetie!" I called as I glanced at the tiny shoes next to mine by the front door.

A moment later, Sarah came into the room and headed straight for the door. She grabbed her shoes and slid them on before walking back over to me.

"What? You still haven't learned to tie them?" I asked before getting on my knees to help her.

"I don't want to learn. I like the way you and mommy tie them." She said softly.

"Well mommy and I aren't going to be around forever you know?"

"Don't say that! Mommy says she doesn't like when you talk like that."

"Mommy doesn't like when I say a lot of things, even if they are true." I replied.

After her shoes were tied, we left. I helped her into the backseat of the car and strapped her in before getting into the front.

"Can we listen to the radio daddy?" she asked from behind me.

"What's wrong with this?" I asked.

"I don't like this kind of music." She said.

I laughed. "You must get that from your mother." I turned off my CD and switched it to the radio. The horrid sound of some punk rock band invaded my ears. To my surprise, Sarah was singing along to the song word for word.

"How do you know this song already?" I asked over the whiny voice of the singer.

"Mommy listens to it all the time." She said before continuing with the song.

"I'll bet she does." I thought to myself as we finally pulled into the parking lot of the elementary school.

"Have a good day okay sweetie?" I said as I helped her out of the car.

"Every day is a good day, daddy," she replied. "Bye!" she called and waved as she joined the other children who were walking away from their parents and into the building.

Sarah's last words echoed in my mind. The innocence of children can be beautiful but so very sad at the same time. I glanced at my watch and realized that I too, was now late.

I drove quickly across town to the bank, praying that I wasn't too late. I got out of the car and entered the bank to find that there was still time to spare. As I filled out a deposit slip, three men in black ski masks with guns came rushing into the bank. One of the tellers let out a scream and was immediately punched to keep her quiet. The others seemed to have already mentally prepared themselves in case this day ever came for them, which was probably a good idea that kept them from being hurt as well. As I squatted behind the small counter that stood in the middle of the room, I realized that I was the only customer in the store. The men seemed to not take much interest in me. They all had their backs to me as one of them forced a teller to fill his bag. I'm not sure what caused me to do it. It may have been what my wife had said to me that morning or it may have been what my daughter had said, but for some reason, I felt that I could be a hero. I leapt from my hiding place and lunged towards the man closest to me. I made it only a few steps before the man turned towards me and opened fire.

I seemed to be in an empty place. There were no walls. There were no colors. I was in an empty, black, void.

"Oh god, why didn't we use a condom?" asked Claire, as she wept.

"Look maybe this thing is wrong. I've read tons of things about them being unreliable." I said staring at the pregnancy test.

"But that's the fourth one that's been positive Jack!" Claire yelled.

"Hey, hey now. It'll be alright okay? If you don't want an abortion, that's fine. We've got nine months to prepare."

"Eight."

"Okay, that's still a long time. We can do this baby, I know we can."

"Oh Jack. What are we going to do?" she asked as she hugged me tightly.

"We'll figure it out, I promise. I promise. I promise. I

promise." The words echoed again and again.

"What the hell are you doing having a baby? Huh!?" yelled my father.

"It was an accident. What could we do?"

"You could have made a better choice! If you can't convince her to get an abortion then you can forget about having a life."

"She wants to have the baby. It's her decision."

"Hers!?"

"Ours. It's our decision."

"What are you going to do about money son? You're not even finished with college yet. You're too young to be having a child," said my father growing more and more hysterical.

"I'll get a job. I can make enough." I reasoned.

"But you aren't good at anything boy, except bullshit."

"Hey! What I do isn't bullshit! I can make money from it somehow." I yelled. "Mom, can't you do anything to make him understand?" I asked.

"I have no son," said my mother from the other side of the room.

"Dude, Jack, that's not cool man. You got your girl pregnant," said my friend.

"I know it's not cool but it happened and now I'm taking responsibility for my actions."

"Man, you should have just gotten high with us instead."

"Oh yeah that sounds great," I said sarcastically.

"Better high than pregnant."

"You lost them all Jack," said a voice I didn't recognize.

"You lost your friends and family."

"I didn't lose them," I replied slowly.

"You lost them Jack."

"No I didn't."

"You're all alone now Jack."

"No I'm not."

"There's no one here Jack."

"I don't need anyone!"

"You don't have anyone Jack."

"I said I don't need them anyway!"

"Daddy?"

"Sweetie is that you?"

"Why did you have to leave mommy and me?"

"But I didn't..." my voice trailed.

"I don't like when mommy cries."

"She shouldn't cry sweetie."

"But she does daddy. She does."

"Jack, why did you have to leave me?" said Claire through chokes and tears.

"Baby?"

"Jack, I can't do this on my own."

"Be strong for me baby, I know you can."

"I don't want to do this on my own."

"But I thought you were going to leave anyway."

"They're gone Jack. You lost them." said the voice I didn't recognize again.

"I didn't lose them."

"Yes you did Jack."

"No. They lost me."

"You lost them Jack."

"They lost me dammit! My friends changed, my parents stopped supporting me and then Claire was going to leave anyway. It didn't matter."

"Everything matters Jack. If it didn't then why do they weep?"

"Who are you?"

"I am Jack."

"No. I'm Jack. Who are you?"

"I am you, Jack. We are one."

"And where are we?"

"We are in the place that you wanted to be."

"And where is that?" I asked. No answer. Suddenly I felt a cold like nothing before, an intense blast of ice that seemed to cause my skin to split with ease. The black world began to spin rapidly before coming to a stop in a much lighter place.

"Jack?" spoke a new voice.

"Who are you?" I asked as the cold seemed to leave as quickly as it had come.

"I'm Dr. Thompson. We've managed to revive you after you were admitted as untreatable. I tell you what, you are definitely a miracle. If ever there was a time that hell should freeze over, now would be it."

"What happened?" I asked as I slowly became aware of the amount of pain coming from my chest.

"You don't remember?" asked the Doctor. "Well, you charged a man with a gun in a bank yesterday and we've been working on you since then. Not exactly a great idea was it Jack?"

"Not now," I said exhaustedly.

The doctor smiled. "Well I had better be on my way. I believe you have a couple of visitors waiting. I'll send them in and check up on you in a little while, but do try and get plenty of rest okay?"

I watched as the doctor left the room. I could see the shadows of people moving beyond the door through the crack at the bottom. A few moments later, I watched as two more shadows approached the door.

"Daddy!" cried Sarah happily as she and Claire walked through the door.

"Jack, you're a mess," said Claire as tears rushed down her beautiful cheeks.

"I'm sorry baby." I whispered.

"Jack, you know that no matter what we love you, right Sarah?"

"Yeah daddy."

"Don't ever try anything like that again though."

"I won't."

"Jack I'm serious. I know what you were thinking and you know that you should never want to do that."

I didn't speak for a moment. "You know me too well Claire."

"Apparently not. I don't think I'll ever understand why you have such thoughts."

"I don't think you have to worry about that anymore," I said, looking at Sarah.

"Good," she said before raising my hand to her cheek.

Death of a Dockworker

DANIEL WALTERS

DANTE sat at the bar. The mahogany surface was coated with a thick coat of sealant that made the wood seem artificial. The barroom was dark and kept out the bright, hot sun. He peeled the paper labels off of the bottles as he drank. It made him feel better to see the colored glass without the paper labels. He sat alone and watched the patrons in silence.

He couldn't remember how long he had been coming there. To be honest, he never did really like the place. But then, he couldn't remember a place he had ever really liked. He knew the bar when he was stronger, when his hair was not so gray, when he was never quite so tired. He cracked a painful smile that made his eyes burn when he remembered. He looked at the corner where he had met with José and Thomas so many times and drank until sunrise, laughing and letting their eyes drift over the maturing bodies of the young women that would also sit together, huddled so closely, who giggled as their young mascaraed eyes would steal a glimpse of the three of them and leave them burning with young lust. He let out a defeated laugh. He had learned long ago how painful memories could be. But dammit though, he laughed again, sometimes for a moment, they could be so good.

He stared down at his hands. They shook now, violently. They hurt too much now for the work. Their strength was dead. He could remember the work though. He could remember his young body being tanned by the sun as he worked on the docks. How warm the sun was. He loved the way the women from the village would come to the docks to watch them unload the cargo boats that came in from America. It was a beautiful work. But it had made its mark on him. He looked up into the mirror across the bar and stared intensely into the face staring back at him. It was a practice he had sworn off long ago. The skin on his face was the color of the bar and was as tough as his own boot leather. His eyes, Lord, his eyes used to burn the most intensely of all the boy's in the village. Now, they were shrunken back into his head from decades of sunlight, and had faded to a dull grey.

At the other end of the bar sat a rowdy group of students from America. This had only recently become a trend. They would come to his town on their break, and make drunken fools of themselves and harass the locals for three weeks of the year. How he wished he could fight them. How he wished he could tear into them all. Jesus, he could fight in his day. He let himself remember standing over the bodies of his opponents, bloodied and clenched-fisted. How exciting it all was then.

"Dante." The bartender had made his way, finally, from the students and had come down the bar and now stood by Dante. "Dante." Dante grimaced. He raised his eyes slowly

to the bartender. "Dante, my friend, how long have you been coming here for?" Dante let his gaze fall back upon his bottle, and its label. The bartender sighed. "Listen to me, I spoke to the owner. I have told him what a worker you are. He agreed to let you wash dishes here." Dante looked into the pained eyes of the bartender. The students shouted for the bartender. He did not respond. Dante studied the eyes of the bartender. He had learned at a very young age to find weakness in a man's eyes.

"Hey you lazy spic!" A student shouted at the bartender. "Dos more cervezas!" The students all laughed. The bartender sighed, looked down at the bar, and then made his way to the cooler.

Dante found the bottle again.

After a time, he looked around the bar once more. There was a woman sitting alone at a table smoking a cigarette, obviously waiting for somebody. Her hair was long and dark, and she wore a tight black dress over her olive body. She was beautiful. He hated beautiful women. They took him to places he never wanted to go again.

His mind came to his own Angelina. She was beautiful. He cringed as he remembered bathing with her on the beach in the mid-day's sun, how they would hold each other on the sand and the way that the sweat would bead upon her hairline so sweetly and run down the sides of her face, the way that she swore that she would love only him, the devotion that she held for him, and the way that she returned to him so many times after he hurt her. He remembered loving her in the cool night's air. He remembered her eyes as she looked up at him as they strained against each other. She was so delicate in his arms. He remembered the way that they would fall asleep, exhausted, with his head on her breast and her arms wrapped around his neck.

And lastly, he remembered that night, so many years ago, when he awoke, terrified, because he could no longer remember her face. He tried so hard, with all of the strength left within him, to see that face one more time, to bring her back, to hear her voice. But she was gone, and he could no longer see her face.

"Hey you! You old bastard!" Dante was brought immediately back to the bar. He smelled the stale cigarette and beer. One of the students, now drunk, was shouting. Dante realized they were shouting at him. "Get your crippled old ass down here and buy me some tequila!" Dante stared at his bottle. "Old Man! Are you deaf or senile?" The students all fell about themselves. He would have broken that boy's face wide open twenty years ago. "Bartender! That old sumbitch wants to buy me a tequila!" Dante closed his eyes and sighed.

He stood up from his stool. He felt the reluctance in his knees and hips. He walked to the door, past the woman in the black dress. He pushed open the heavy wooden door and walked slowly out, again into the bright, hot sun.

Homeless

CLAY MCINNIS

It was cold that Friday night, and Daniel and I were sitting on a bench covered in snow waiting for the bus. I had two breakfast bars and some fruit roll-ups in my pocket just in case I got hungry. I left my wallet in the dorm room on a stack of books scattered at my bedside. I felt like I was prepared because I wore layers and had my ski jacket with me, but I didn't know how cold it would be in the middle of the night.

Daniel and I were in this together, and we were excited to see what was on the other side of things. I think I was more excited than he was. We got on the bus and sat down next to our peers. They were going to "the hill" to go bar hopping, but we were going downtown. Once we reached downtown, we started to walk south down Pearl Street. We both didn't say much, only because we were both trying to scope out the scene. People were everywhere. We saw shoppers, workers, and families all along the streets. There were tourists dressed in their slope gear coming into town after a decent day of skiing.

"There they are." Daniel said. There were about five of them standing together in the walkthrough between the bank and the kite store. They were all older than forty. They looked happy and one of them was dancing with a Styrofoam cup asking for spare change. His name was John. "Hey guys. Do you mind if we hang out with you tonight?" I said. The crew looked at us a little strange, but reluctantly said yes. "Why would you want to hang with us, man? We're homeless no one wants to think we are actually here—they just walk by like we're manikins in a store window or something." John said. Daniel replied, "We just want be with you tonight." The conversation died after Daniel's remark. We observed with a smile, as they were drinking, talking, and dancing with one another. They looked happy in a way, but it could have been the fact that they were numb from the alcohol. One of the men stuck his hand out waiting for it to be shaken. I shook it, and he said his name was Psycho Mike. Mike was drunk and his breath smelled like stale whiskey and dead fish. He was nice. They were all nice.

Mike had once been a chef at a resort, but lost all of his money when his entire family died off and he was left with the health care bills. John on the other hand chose to be a wonderer. He was from out west and held many odd jobs in construction, but decided that life wasn't for him. He wanted to roam. He said Boulder was "the place to be", and if it weren't for the cops looking for him he would stay a little longer. John and Mike told me that one of their dear friends had died on the streets that week. They were sad for

a second, and very drunk.

An older man wearing a black trench coat came to us from behind the alleyway. I knew he was part of the clan due to the fact that he had holes in his coat and was wearing the stereotypical homeless gloves—gloves with the fingers exposed. Mike said, "Hey General. We got the whisky." The General was already drunk, but smiled at the fact that they had gotten an extra bottle to last through the night. The General suffered from liver failure and didn't have long. My guess is he didn't make through Christmas that year.

Mike gave us suggestions on where to sleep that night, and told us that we could use sleeping bags that they hid. We opted not to sleep in the bags for fear of contracting a disease of some sort, but it was nice of him anyway. Running Bear, another member of the clan, laid propped behind the ledge separating the walkthrough and the street. His ponytail rested on his left shoulder. He had passed out already. It had gotten late, but their party didn't show any signs of dying down. We stayed because we were having a ball just being with them—feeling welcome and feeling loved.

God was with all of us that night. I felt good and enjoyed myself. The moon was full and Daniel and I had a lot to look forward to that night. We were on the other side of things looking back into a world that we had always known. People walked by and every once in a while someone would give John spare change, but no one stopped to talk.

The cops entered the walkthrough.

An Excerpt from a Pirate Novel

LUKE SHEEHAN

The ship drifted across the icy waters. The on looking crew kept silent as they watched the large pieces of ice lazily float by their ship.* Captain Scurvy McMickick struck the same valiant pose as he always did when he arrived at his desired destination. His chin was stern, his face noble, his undergarments, unlike the crews, completely unsoiled. The harsh wind howled as the ship ground to a halt. It became rather apparent to Dennis that they were actually docked on what look to be a huge iceberg.

"Ok laddies," Scurvy broke the silence, "This is it."

"This is what?" Dennis said, "A barren ice berg, with absolutely no gold whatsoever?"

"Right you are me boy," Mad Dog McAbee chimed.

"Well, what kind of pirates are you guys then? We traveled through all those frozen waters and had to fight all those Grand Navy ships. For what? A large block of ice?"

"Yep." answered Nasty Nate with a wink.

"Ok, enough of da grumblin' we got some penguins to talk to." commanded Scurvy.

Harvey and Dennis were equipped with large coats that smelled a lot like a nursing home (little to their knowledge the coats were in fact plundered from a retired government officials' nursing home ship). Then the men escorted the two new crewmates down onto the tundra below. Ricardo the Sea Faring Cactus was left to guard the ship, because he possessed the longest attention span in the crew and also because he was quite a tricky one to hold when going to shore.

The wind whipped across the frozen lands as the sky shone its ever present grey. The crew's trek was a slow, arduous one but, no one complained. Harvey lagged towards the back of the group. He did not know the purpose of their trip, but he was beginning to enjoy the piratical life. Dennis, however was growing extremely sour to this whole cold thing. He assumed pirating dealt with sailing around in warm waters and carousing with the various exotic native women.

The crew strove on through the fierce weather until they came to a gigantic ravine. The ravine's icy walls rose as high as the sky would allow. It was carved out by an ice berg who, like Dennis, had had enough of the cold and decided it would be nice to spend its last couple days in warmer waters. The men stepped out into the valley

completely awestruck at the shear size of the ravine. The ravine provided welcome relief from the once bone chilling wind. All of a sudden the ground began to shake, ice from the ravine's cliff shattered wildly to the ground. Dennis and Harvey were the only ones who showed nervousness at the abrupt rumblings. Soon they realized the rumblings were not coming from the ground itself but many tiny webbed feet pounding the ground.

The penguins quickly surrounded Scurvy's crew. They numbered in the millions, they stretched as far as the eye could see. And they were precisely the reason why Scurvy's crew was brought to the desolate land. You see the majestic penguin is nature's survivor. They are the oldest and wisest of birds. The penguins are the philosophers and historians of the Unknown Sea.

"Um... hello." Scurvy began.

A very formidable penguin stepped out of the pack, he was clearly the leader. He had a long prominent beak. And a large black spot in the middle of his chest.

"Arf" was his reply.

This was not the response Scurvy had in mind. He assumed since the penguins were so old, so wise that they would certainly speak English. But it was not to be. He turned around to his crew. "Uh... it seems we've run into a bit of a problem-"

"What do you mean there is a problem?" a rather silly voice beckoned Scurvy's attention back around.

There before the crew was a man who looked completely normal, normal aside form the fact that he was dressed like a penguin.

"Hello there, I am Richard of the Penguins, but you can just call me Rick. Welcome to Igloo Summit, I bet you are wondering why I'm dressed like this. Well, long ago I was marooned here by a Grand Navy cruiser. I tried to start a mutiny, but the men I was trying to get to join with me were always at work in the engine rooms and with all the noise, ya know, they grew hard of hearing. So, I kept private discourse with them at the top of my lungs as to how we should all rise up against those bastards and gain some freedom. Well one day a guard surprisingly overheard me shouting on about how we should use our shovels and bang the Captain on the head with it. Well, he didn't appreciate me talking about his captain like this, as you could imagine,

so he tossed me out here." Rick smiled rather stupidly.
"Ok... but why are ya dressed like that?" Mad Dog asked.
"Oh, right, as a way of keeping my sanity I became a penguin."
"So as a way of staying sane you decided it would be a perfectly sane idea to become a penguin?!?!" Dennis questioned.

"That's right."

"Well, can you talk penguin."

"Sure, Arf quck google garang."

"Ha ha, what a loony this guy is." Harvey said.

Scurvy shot Harvey a glare that would've slain four movie producers. "So do you think there is anyway you could talk to your brother penguins for us?" asked Scurvy.

"Well, sure I can I'd be happy to." Rick replied.

"Ok", began Scurvy, "Why did the Grand Navy outlaw leviathan fishing?"

"Oh, I'm so nervous. He he, sorry I promised myself I wouldn't do this. Okay here it goes. Arf, ratang, brea, Arf?" babbled Rick.

"Arrang, brauaua, Arf." replied the penguin in charge.

"He, said they want it for themselves." said Rick.

"What do they want for themselves? Is it the leviathan meat?"

"Arf, berrrang humph ho? Bredden ratang arf?"

"Bretang arf arf arrgana."

"He says that there is one great leviathan who is the keeper of "The Bounty of the Gods" and although the Grand Navy does not know what this is. They want it for themselves. They want to be the only ones hunting it." interpreted Rick.

"Can you tell us what power 'The Bounty of the Gods' possesses?" asked Nate.

"Arf hodang araana bodang?"

"Omf."

"He said no. He doesn't have that knowledge." Rick said.

And with that the illustrious penguin filed back into the ranks of penguins. The crew noticed that the faces of the penguins were angered by the fact that their leader did not know something. For that the leader would be cost his life. As is common in penguin society if a ruling penguin is baffled or does not know the answer, they are tragically thrown into killer whale infested waters.

The penguins quickly dispersed ashamed they could only be of minimal help to the wandering crew. The crew swiftly left the ravine hoping Rick wouldn't try to hitch a ride with them. Its not that they didn't like the guy. Well, actually yes, yes they did not like this Richard of the Penguins and

rightfully so.

"Well whatever 'The Bounty of the Gods' is it has to have some extraordinary power, the Grand Navy would not call off its most profitable market (leviathan hunting) unless they were certain that they could gain supremacy with it." deducted Scurvy as he made ready to set sail.



Elizabeth Loefgren-Brighton, England

A Sense of Things

DANIEL CHADWICK

On his twentieth birthday, John Thrower sat on his old bed in his parents' house, with his blue, Best Buy polo laid across his lap. His dog, Ben, lay at his feet, staring at a full-length mirror in the corner with his tail twitching behind him. John examined the stitching in his polo hoping to find a means of plucking the yellow "Best Buy" out of what he thought was an otherwise nice shirt.

John was fired that morning, though he couldn't decide who fired who, or, since no one was actively fired, who quit on whom. The truth was, management caught John with a GPS navigation system that, according to its serial number, once belonged to Best Buy but had at some point left the shelves and the store without anyone paying for it. John hadn't stolen the thing but he did find it in the parking lot, and, assuming it had fallen out of someone's shopping bag, claimed it as his own. John's manager witnessed the find and reported it to his superiors.

"It does not matter if you stole it or not, John," the regional manager had said. "The point is you knew it wasn't yours and you took it anyway. It is stolen property, John, and possession is nine-tenths of the law."

"But I didn't know it was stolen," John argued, "and what about that other tenth?"

"John, you didn't follow company procedure."

"And I guess procedure is reason enough to fire someone."

"Um, well yes, John, it is, especially when dealing with stolen property."

"But I didn't steal it. Believe me, if I stole it, you would have never known it was gone."

Neither man said a word for what John thought was an unnecessarily long time. At length, the regional manager said, "Do you feel better?" John walked out but never answered.

From Best Buy, John drove straight home. Not "home" as in his apartment downtown in the Klein District, but north to the suburbs, to his parents' house in Cole's Crossing. The cookie-cutter, brick homes were as old as white-flight itself, but the uniform nature of the neighborhood calmed John's nerves. Driving through the grid-like streets and cul-de-sacs was, to John, like watching a knotted and wadded-up fishing net unravel before him to

reveal a thousand equally proportioned and equally spaced squares all tied from one rope.

There was no one home when John arrived, so he let himself in. He marched to his bedroom on the second floor, followed by Ben, and sat on his bed below a framed, vintage poster of Clark Kent flying over Metropolis with one fist clinched and extended in front of him and the other ripping away a tie, tweed coat, and collared dress shirt to reveal the "S" beneath.

When John took off his own shirt, there was nothing super underneath. He picked at the shirt's stitching for half an hour before he gave up and then he threw it in his closet alongside a Starbuck's hat and a Lifeguard tank-top. He lost the Lifeguard position in early July for flirting from the guard-stand, his barista career ended in early December because he would never show up, and today, February first, he lost his job at Best Buy. New month, thought John, new decade of my life but still the same winter.

"Maybe I don't want to do anything with my life," John said aloud. "Maybe I'd be perfectly happy living on some mountain in the middle of nowhere, doing absolutely nothing. I mean, look at you," he said to the Superman poster. "If I were you, I'd tell Metropolis and that stupid newspaper to blow me and just fly around all day and people would give me all their money just 'cause I was freaking Superman."

"And look at you," he said to Ben, who still stared at the mirror. "You don't work," he said and pounced upon the dog, "and you get along fine." John wrestled with Ben for a minute, and then lay on his back and stared at the ceiling with Ben sprawled across his torso begging for attention.

Ben was named after an uncle who John had never met. John's parents noticed the similarities between Ben and Uncle Ben since Ben was a puppy. They both had curly brown hair; they'd both sleep all day except for when they were getting into trouble, and they would both do whatever they wanted to do no matter what manner of treats or punishment were involved. The difference was that while Ben would chase squirrels and cars at will, though he would never sit, Uncle Ben would work as a docent in Williamsburg one week and then move to Florida on a whim to sell Segways door-to-door the next. The last anyone in John's family heard of Uncle Ben was in a postcard from Tennessee that read, "Won't make it home this Christmas. Got job counting trees in Frozen Head State Natural Area. Tell everyone I'm sorry." That was eighteen years ago.

"I must've gotten Uncle Ben's genes," John said to Ben who was again staring at the mirror. "Why do you find that so fascinating?" asked John. "It's just you." He rolled over

and saw, underneath his old bed, a Rubbermaid box labeled "John Toys" in black sharpie on masking tape.

"Sweet," John thought aloud. He pulled the box out and popped it open. Inside were G.I. Joe's, X-Men, Power Rangers, and Legos all in their own, little sections with neon tabs and descriptions of each specimen written in his mother's handwriting.

"Thanks, Mom," John said to himself as he pulled out a four inch Darth Vader and a plastic Batman. "I am the Dark Knight," said John, shaking Batman in one hand. "Why do I care? I'm synonymous with Dick Cheney." He made the two toys battle. Darth Vader won. "And I," said John as he drew out a Superman doll, "am a poor attempt at Americanizing Übermensch."

"Nietzsche be damned!" said John and then he banged the two characters into each other.

Ben turned his head away from the mirror and toward John. He barked and John looked up to see a twenty-year-old boy in the mirror, sitting on the floor of a room in his parents' house, playing with his old toys.

"Wow," said John, hopelessly fascinated with himself.



Notre Dame in the Rain- Ellen Thompson

Swingin'

RACHEL MARTIN

Southerners pride themselves on the unity and closeness we share. An odd thing about the South is that within this "closeness" we set boundaries. We find emotional moments often too awkward and hide our real feelings within another saying.

After spending a year away at college, I came home for a whole summer. The last Sunday I was at home before returning for my second year for no particular reason I decided I would give my Grandmother's old porch swing a test run.

I found myself in the middle of the oak homemade swing with my arms stretched across the back sitting in a very unladylike position with my skirt, blouse and heels. I was surveying the scene. Thinking about going back and how I had grown to miss this place over a three month span. *I need my underwear, I can't forget the Mayfield milk, when I get there I need to register for classes... I should prolly try to go buy books...*

A blonde head pokes out the front door, "Whatcha doin out here?"

"Swingin," I reply with a smile.

Without another word my fourteen year old sister signaled me to scoot over and took her place beside me on the swing.

I sat in silence as my sister chattered on... "I think Jacob likes me, but I don't know if I like him... Do you think that silver beaded bracelet will match my new dress... Lacie had on this really cute outfit the other day... I think she likes Dollar she just doesn't want anyone to know it... That's so mean!"

I stare at her while she talks endlessly and think, *Man I wish I looked like her... how skinny... I will never be that skinny again... and a blonde too! Blondes do have more fun I suppose would I trade in my dark features for her fairer ones? I would if I could be that little again. She has no gut! I would have to work out for the rest of*

my life to have that tummy! Clearly, jealousy and pride were overtaking me here.

"What are you lookin at?!?" my sister demanded.
"We look nothing alike," I reply.

I wondered when my sister had grown up and why she hadn't informed me she was doing so. I was almost mad seeing my baby sister chat about life and pushing her side swept bangs behind her ear. Why can't she be little again? Why doesn't she need me to fight off monsters anymore? I felt a sudden urge to hug my sister and tell her I loved her, but my pride and Southern demeanor held me back. She caught me smiling at her again, but this time she smiled back, knowing what I was thinking and how I would miss her but how we weren't able to tell each other that.

"What are ya'll doing out here," the front door opens again, this time it was my mother's voice.

"Swingin," we reply in unison with a smile.



Flying in the Wind...or something like it-Jordan Roberts

It's Complicated Being a Wizard

JEREMY WARREN

It's complicated being a wizard. The primary complication: I never convince anyone wizards exist and much less that I am a wizard. I can imagine the raised eyebrows, the rolled eyes, the reach for the phone to call the cuckoo's nest that I apparently fly over. Please, allow an explanation. There are three types of wizards. The most important types of wizards are the white wizards. White wizards perform miraculous acts, wage the ongoing war against black and red wizards, and other important wizard stuff. Most importantly, black wizards maintain the regular function of the enormous fraud known as time. Time robs all men of seeing the truth. Black wizards hold the most notorious place in history. Black wizards can be held responsible for other atrocities. A comprehensive list would require the length of all time and miles of and miles and miles of (an impossibility). Allow me to draft an incomprehensive list: time, thought, violence, separation, attachment based love, the concept of external power- this list is censored for I dare not put the awesomely malicious stuff. The third type of wizard is the red wizard. The red wizards ride the fence of white and black. Red wizards stand to not receive too much defamation. Red wizards handle themselves quite well. Red wizards are the true shamans. Red wizards are the everyman's wizards. Red wizards are the inbetween guys. White wizards do a great deal of good but stand too far at the end of the spectrum. White wizards do a great service but spend too much time in non-physical realities developing their abilities. White wizards do not anchor the karmic enterprise in the same manner as Red wizards. If you see a Red wizard buy him a cup of coffee. They are nice guys if you really spend the time.

Look around and see the evidence of wizards everywhere. You must look with a scrutinizing set of eyes. You must have three eyes. Yes, you must have three eyes. The children understand already. The main concern about the third eye concerns adults and anyone that is a linchpin of society. You must have a fully open pineal gland and a healthy pituitary gland. Most adults do not enjoy fairy tales and considerations

of wizardry due to a shriveled pineal gland. Children use the pineal to see angels, communicate with animals and enjoy the wonderful world of wizards. Consider the pineal and pituitary your snorkle and goggles for access to the world of wizardry. The more of a mind you possess the more clouded your goggles. Wipe off the goggles and join me in some wizardry. Wizardry has no restrictions. Wizardry is watching wizards, learning about wizards, becoming a wizard, being a wizard, having been a wizard, having been a wizard and learning about wizards again as if it was all new... If you buy in to the causal conspiracy (a black wizard doing) you lose your true nature. You are really a wizard.

A Place You Won't Mind Studying

HALLIE JOHNSON

Have you ever wondered what the sky looks like as the sun sets behind the Eiffel Tower? Or thought about what it would be like to take a train through the Italian countryside? Each semester, Auburn students take the leap across cultures, expanding their knowledge of the world and themselves, through studying abroad.

The process of studying abroad requires persistence by the student, but the benefits are endless.

Auburn offers various study abroad programs that suit the needs and desires of the student. At the Auburn Abroad Office of International Education website, the link titled "Program Search" allows students to view the programs led by Auburn faculty, categorized by country.

Auburn Abroad offers AU credit in more than 5550 programs in 93 countries. Many of the programs center on the study of foreign languages; however, other concentrations include Business, Industrial Design, Engineering, Fisheries and Aquaculture, Liberal Arts, Education, and Human Sciences among many others. The programs also range from Nursing in Ecuador, to studying Agriculture in Germany. There is literally a study abroad program for everyone.

Once students have selected the country in which they wish to study, the website offers the required paperwork that must be completed for their specific program.

There are five simple steps to get started. First, you must get or renew your passport. The study abroad office will be able to inform you if you need a visa. The second step is to attend one of AU Abroad's weekly orientation and information sessions. In addition, you

may want to attend a study abroad fair on campus. Check www.auburn.edu/studyabroad for more resources.

Next, research countries or regions that interest you. There is a program that fits almost anything you want to do and anywhere you want to go. Finally, select a program and clear courses through your academic advisor. Studying abroad is not cheap, but there is help available. Check on financial aid and scholarships for your program.

AU abroad encourages that students going abroad attend pre-departure sessions. The Auburn Abroad Office of International Education, located in Hargis Hall, houses numerous study abroad advisers who are more than willing to help students in completing their applications to study abroad and will answer any questions.

"Students should begin the process about a year in advance," said Study Abroad Adviser Diedre Van Zandt. "This will ensure that they find a program that fulfills all of their needs."

Claire Carter, a junior in Spanish international trade, studied this past summer with Auburn Abroad in Salamanca, Spain.

"Studying abroad was the best experience of my life," Carter said. "It was nice being with other Auburn students; especially making new friends that are now in some of my classes back at Auburn."

Carter said that even though they attended classes there was plenty of time to travel.

"There was a lot of organized freedom with the trip," she said. "Auburn got us there, organized and took care of the important things, but basically we did what we wanted to do and explored Europe at our leisure."

For Carter, studying abroad endowed her with a sense of independence she will carry with her after college. She said it allowed her to experience first-hand a culture different from her own.

Through immersion in this new culture, Carter aid she was able to observe the way in which the Spanish worry less than Americans and really relish in time



The Thames- Jennifer Boutwell



Salamancan Skies- Emily Wood

spent with family and friends.

"The Spanish have a passion for life," Carter said.

While many students choose from the variety of Auburn Abroad programs, some students choose to study with other abroad programs not affiliated with the university.

The process is the same; however, students need to fill out different paperwork in order to get Auburn credit for their courses.

Jennifer Boutwell, a junior in accounting, studied with the American Institute for Foreign Study at The American International University in London, England.

Boutwell said she felt scared and out of place when first arriving in England, but eventually felt more comfortable as she became more familiar with the city.

"It also helped once I got to know the culture and could fit in better," Boutwell said. "I had no idea that I could feel at home in another country."

She said her most enjoyable experience while studying abroad was simply walking around the city of London and discovering its historic charm.

"I can say that I sipped tea at Harrods, watched Mary Poppins where it takes place, viewed the London skyline from the London Eye and spent lazy afternoons in Hyde Park," Boutwell said. "These are experiences that I never thought I'd have and will treasure for a lifetime."

Both Carter and Boutwell took advantage of their location to take weekend trips to Paris, Scotland, and other countries within a reasonable distance. They

said the language barriers were easy to overcome, as many people speak English in addition to the country's native tongue.

Carter said one of her most memorable experiences was in Paris.

"One highlight was watching the end of the Tour de France while in Paris and then going to a café afterwards for espresso and cake," Carter said. "Such a unique experience."

If this isn't convincing enough, just ask the many students on campus who will attest that studying abroad is truly an experience of a lifetime.

**"I had no idea
that I could feel
at home
in another
country"**

Via de Tosconella 16

ELIZABEH GRAY

After traveling up the steep, narrow stairs that make me feel as though I need a sherpa and an oxygen tank to get to the top, I finally reach the apartment that I have begun to call home. The keys to enter are oddly shaped and the lock is, at best, testy. Sarah's key does not seem to work, ever. With luck, I can finally enter on the third try and enter where I am first welcomed by a Pepto pink entryway and living-room. The 20 foot ceilings are also pink, making the exact location of where the walls meet the ceiling somewhat vague. Even the mixed marble floors have hints of pink. Beyond the pink bubble are three bedrooms each with their own bath. Thankfully, they are white. The apartment is shaped like a maze and has many windows. These six large windows tower over a total of three terraces and, subsequently, give me a glimpse of our Italian neighbors' lifestyles below and across.

I am constantly reminded of Alfred Hitchcock's film, "Rear Window." Although there is not a missing wife and a suspicious husband, at least not yet, I can hear and see the activities of all my neighbors. Because air conditioning is not used by most Italians, everyone keeps their windows open. No shades or curtains, apartments are completely open allowing nosey neighbors, like myself, to peer in.

In the mornings, if I am not woken by the mystery church bells that chime 27 times at 8:43 a.m., I awake to the seemingly last raspy coughs of the older women with one lung. After years of smoking she must have coughed the other up. Now, still smoking, her other does have a chance of lasting much longer. When I head into the kitchen, I can see an Italian grandmother watering and cooing at her plants in the window. Below her, the middle-aged Italian man, who still lives with his mother, is still asleep. When he is awake, he sits in his room wearing the Italian version of whity-tighties, only red. If he is not blasting U2, he watches what I suspect is porn.



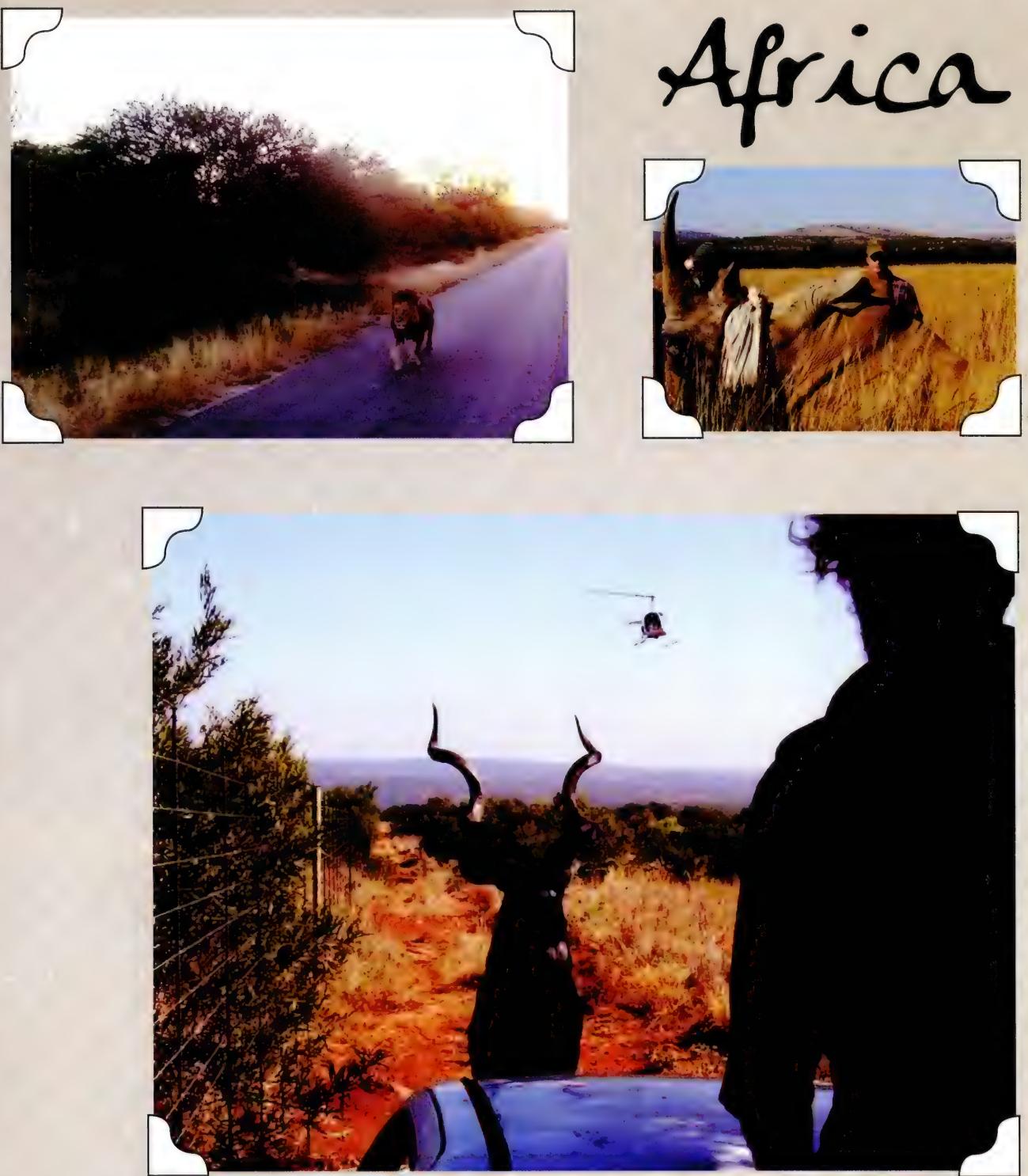
Capri, Italy- Kelly Steed

Midday, in an unknown apartment below, Salsa music plays loudly, and every so often I can hear claps and stomps to the music. I have decided that the listener is a Salsa instructor and is teach other Italians the Spanish dance.

From the windows in the back of the apartment a completely new set of neighbor can be observed. One neighbor is constantly nude. Most often, she applies lotion and sits by her fan. Across from her is my very own "Miss Lonely Hearts." Miss Lonely Hearts sits listening to records for hours, rocking back and forth in her chair. Because she is very old, I imagine that she is daydreaming about her late husband. Also, from the back windows there is a master chef. I can smell his concoctions in the afternoons. He, being a good Italian, uses a lot of garlic.

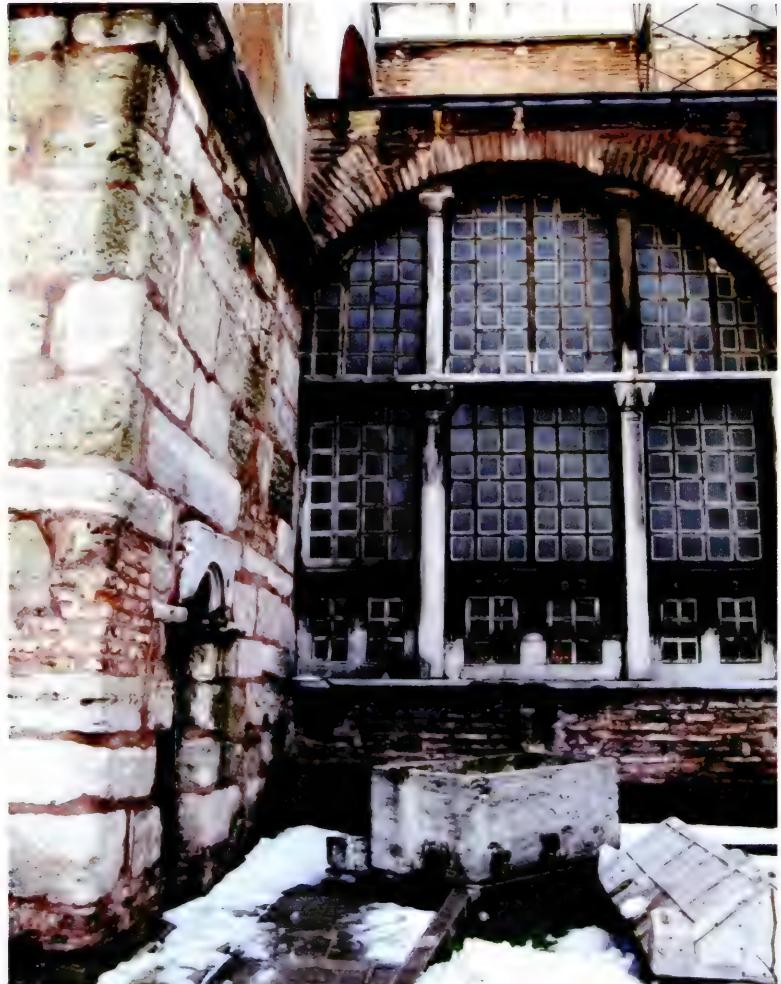
On occasion, from my bedroom I can hear a lusty couple. They do not seem to mind that neighbors are in earshot.

Everything in Florence is worthy of great observation, even apartment living. I am glad to have a glimpse at the lives of those in who share my address at Tosconella 16.



Africa

Photography



Alcatraz
John McIntosh

Untitled
Kyle Lechtenberg

Istanbul
Jennifer Isenburg

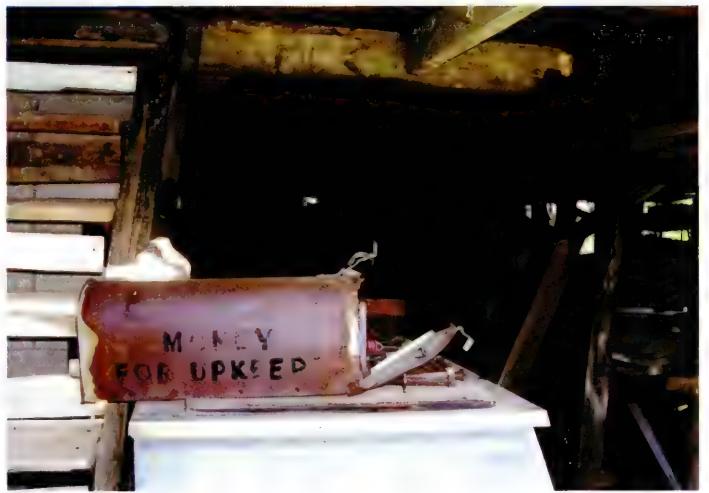
Eternal Flame
Matthew Smith



Aquaduct
Amber King

Venice
Erica German

Money for Upkeep
Kristina Tanner

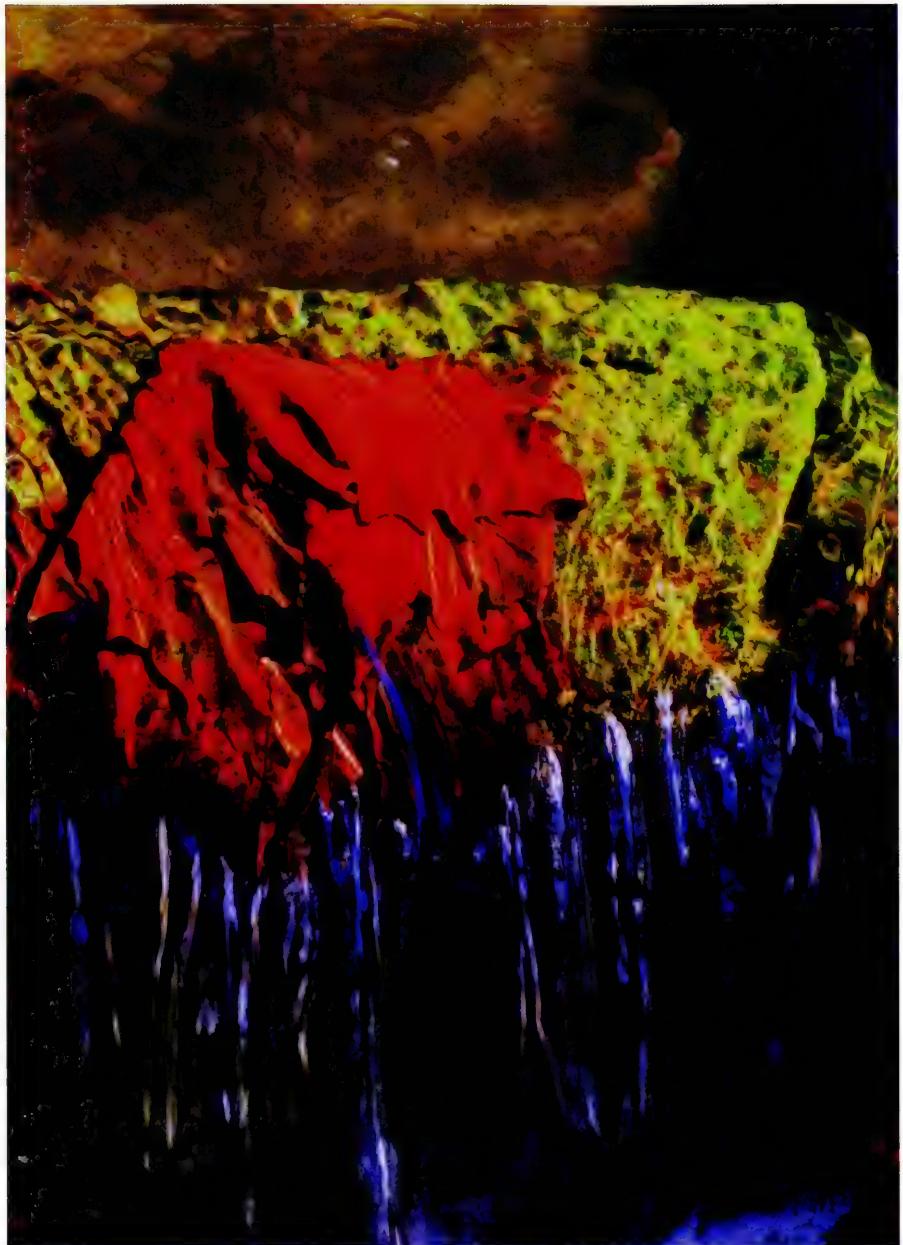




Globally Warmed Gummy Bears
Melissa Voynich

Psalm 23:2-3
Megann Gallagher

Ring of Fire
Whitney Bell





Dart Board
Jacob Smith

Untitled
Caitlin Bearden

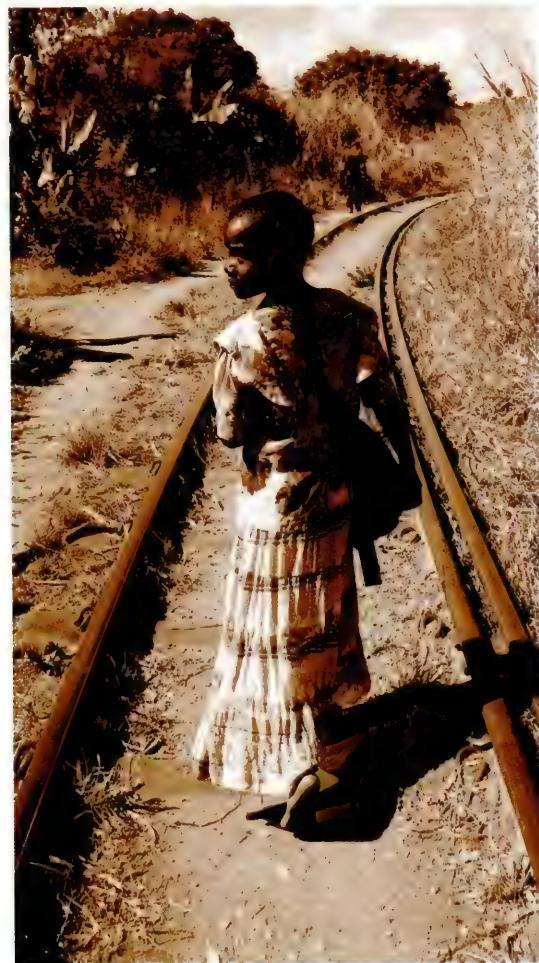
Taking Flight
Austin Nelson



All Consuming Fire
Christy Glassford

Carnival
David Arendall

France
Christopher Hendon



Benched
Megann Gallagher and Ben Sanders

Glance
Alicia Ellis

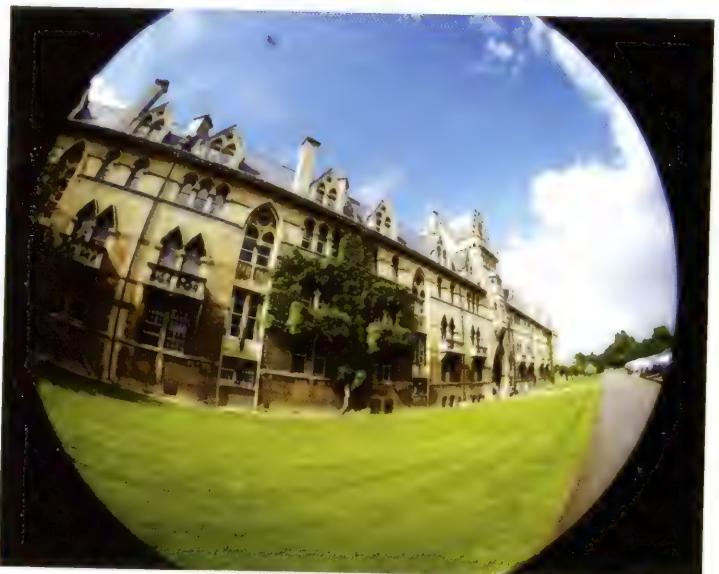
Hands of FDR
Ali McGuinn

Ladder
Maria Toro

Cinque Terre
Tess Davidson

Maine
Matthew Tufts

Oxford
Joseph Wolnski





The Front
Ben Davis

Familiar Footsteps
Brett Pohlman

Walk in the Dunes
Marc Schleyer

Evolution Lake
John McIntosh



Chewacla Sunset
David Arendall

Dawn at the Wolf
Matthew Smith

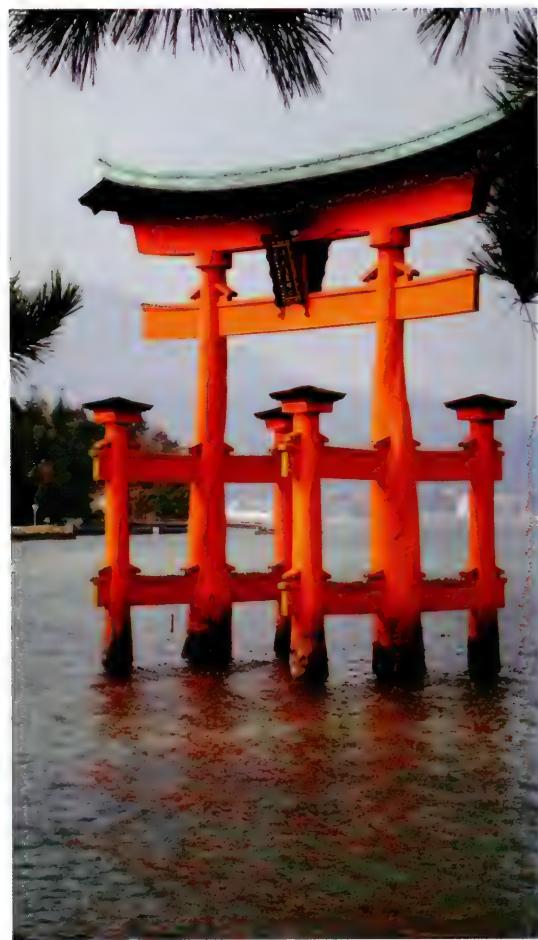
Above the Clouds
Elizabeth Williamson

Maine
Matthew Tufts

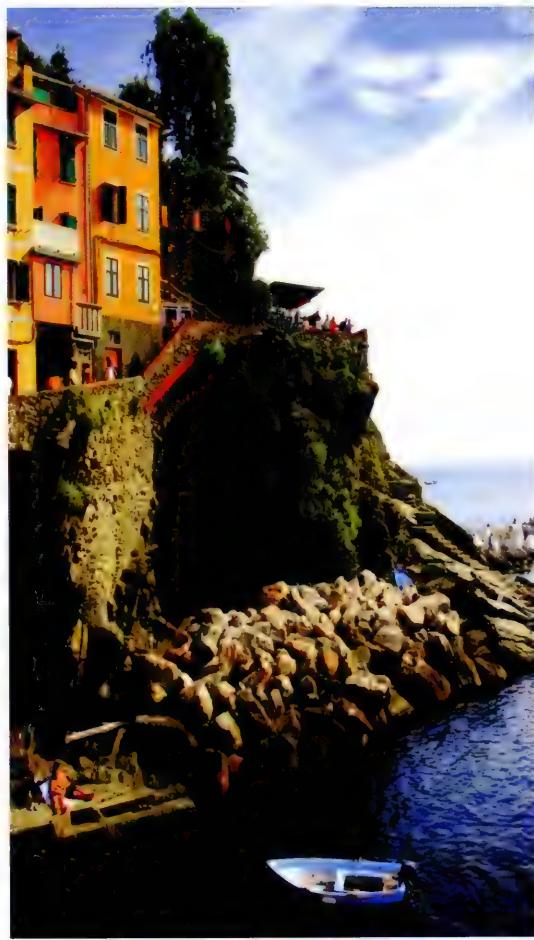




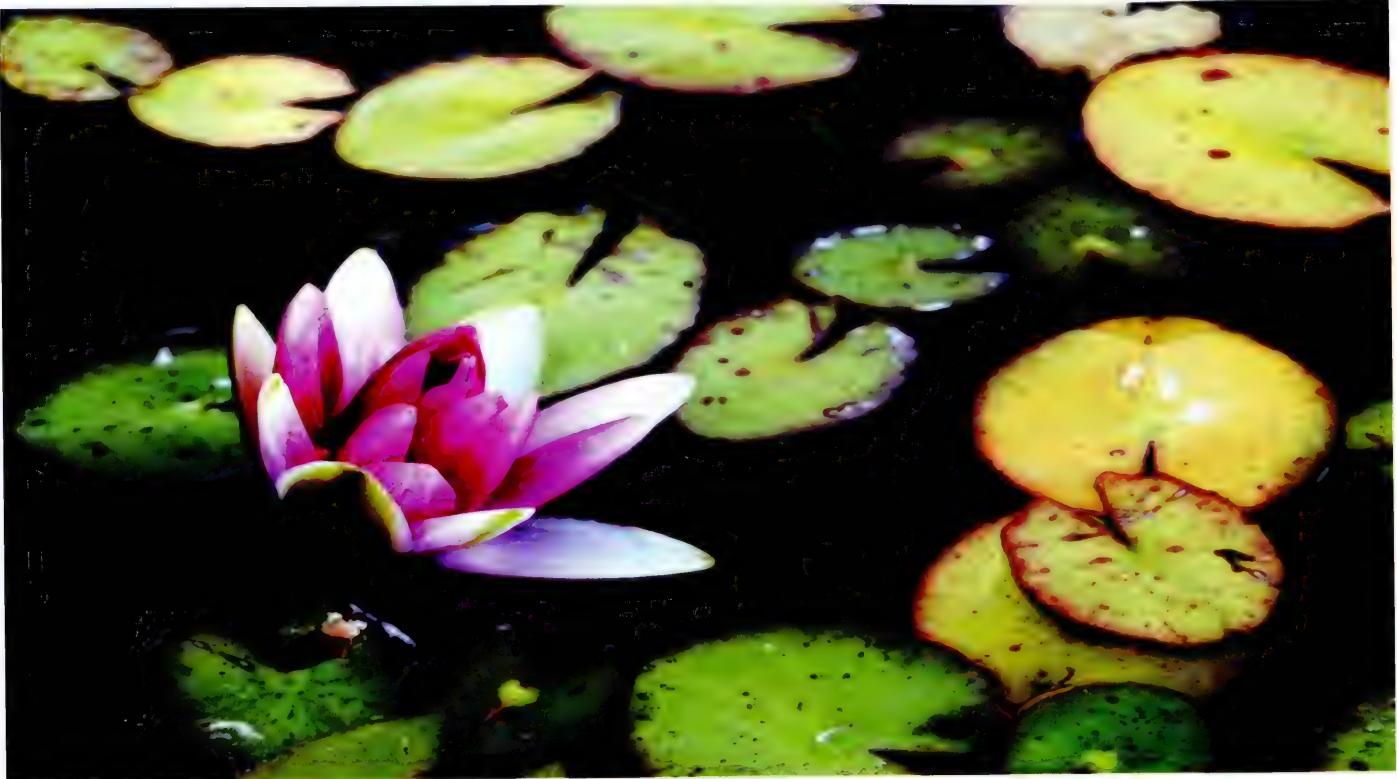
Venezia
Samantha Tashman



Miyajima Gate
Leslie McCleenny



Cinque Terre
Tess Davidson



Lily
Emmie Howell

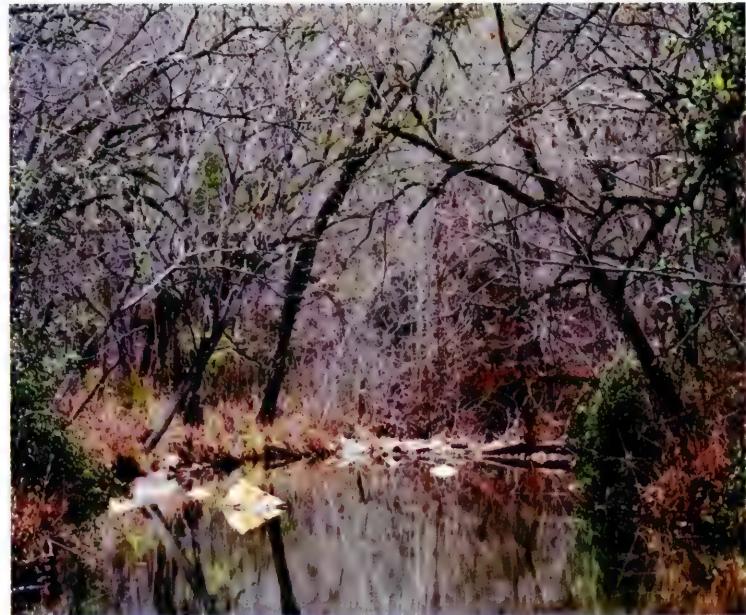
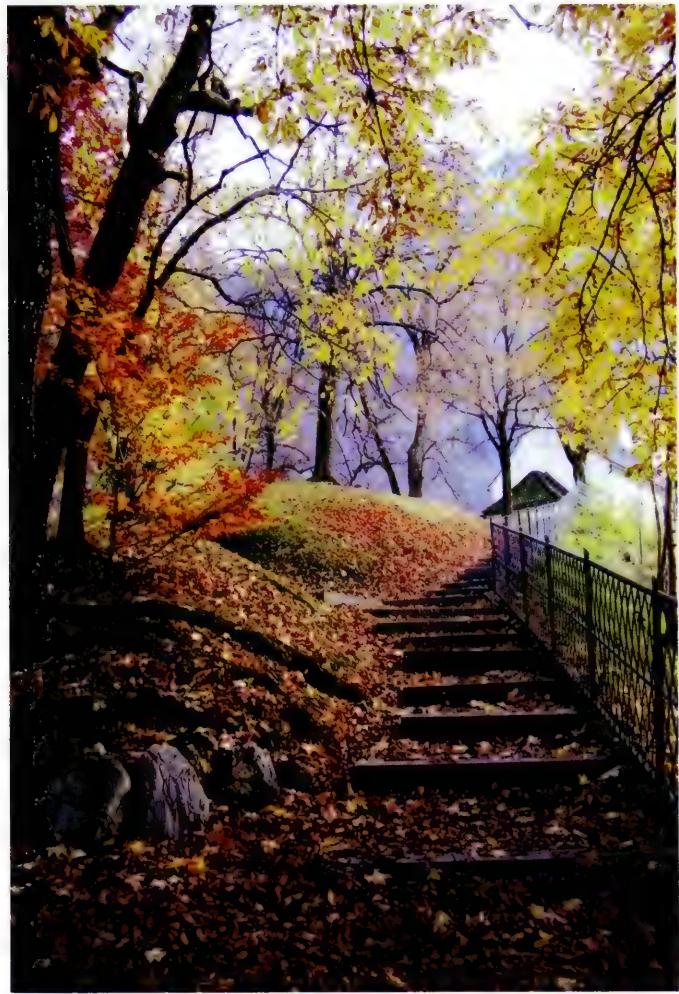
Fading Beauty
Sara Beth Terry



Vernal Witch Hazel
Ross Hornsby

English Rose
Katy Donaldson





Eleven Thirty
Allison Helms

Wandering
Elizabeth Williamson

Winter
John McIntosh



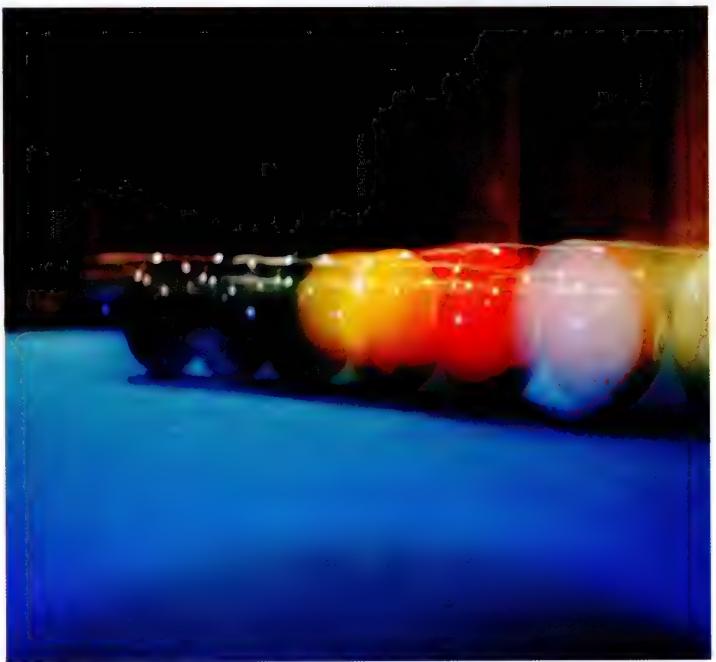
Water
Adam Wilson

Climbing in the Alps
Brandon Edwards

Glare's Valley
Elizabeth Williamson

Party Lights
Daniel Hanson





Tires
Ashley Hollis

Three Red Boxes
Kevin Johnson

Taste the Rainbow
Austin Nelson

Citrus Slices
Jacob Smith



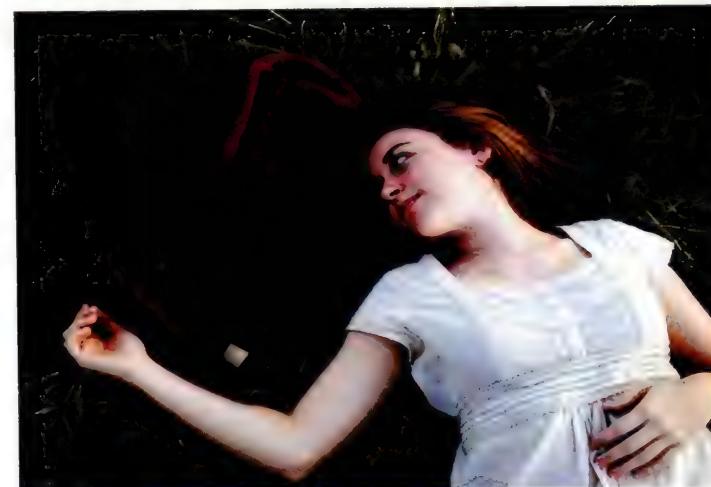
Meeting People
Marc Schleyer

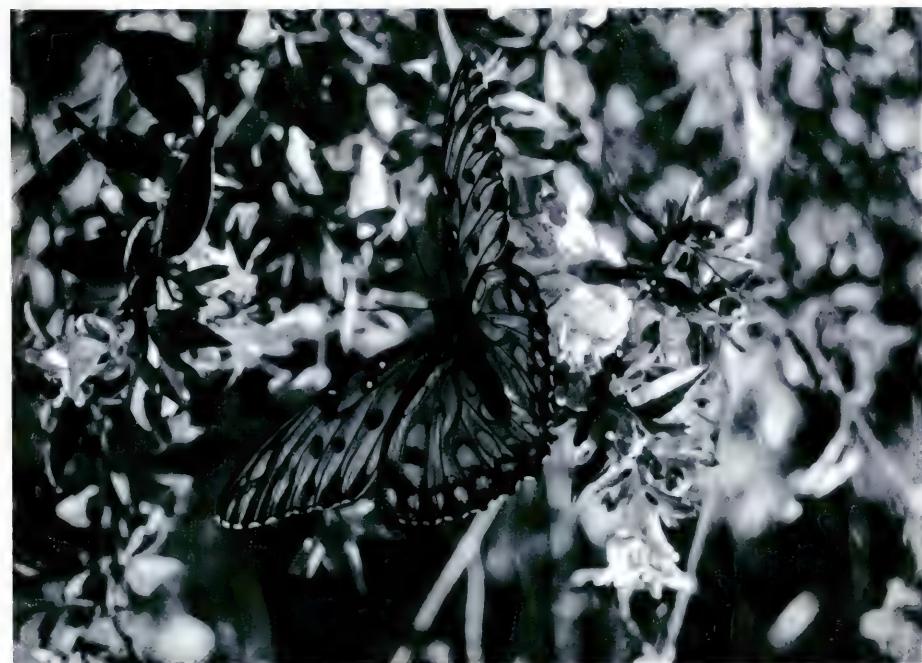


blÜmen mädchen
Kate Beard

Love is Gonna Show Its Face
Mary Grace Cox

Food Coloring
David Arendall





Thank God
Trey Porter

Childhood Dreams
Whitney Adams

Butterfly
Emmie Howell



St. Peter
Kate Beard

Old Town Square
Tess Davidson

Untitled
Matthew Tufts





Railway
Griffin Limerick

Untitled
Jennifer Boutwell

Lonely Peaceful Boat
Shannon Leutzinger

Tire Swing
Alicia Ellis



Jesse James
Samantha Tashman

*May Cause Unexpected
Death*
Robert Andrew Campbell

Jim
James Hammond

Dread
Kevin Johnson





Birds in the Cage
Marc Schleyer

Wedding Party at Meiji Shrine
Leslie McClenny

Birds
Tess Davidson

French Bullfight
Amber King



Break
Ben Davis

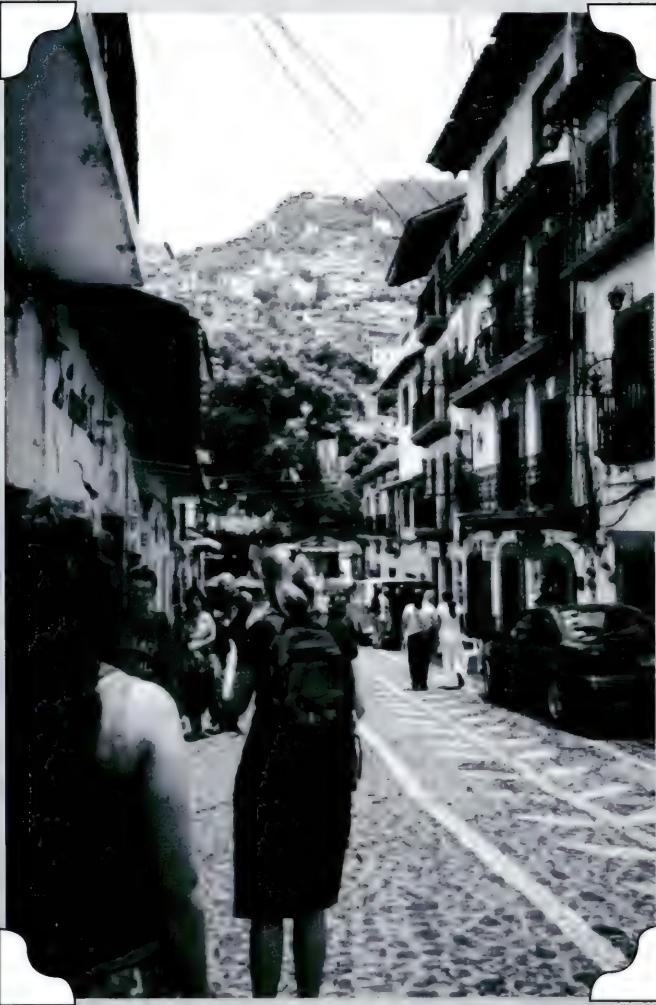
Fresh Air
Griffin Limerick

Snow
Michael Porter





Poetry



South America



All That You Love Will Be Carried Away

I saw an older woman sitting on a bench
In the middle of the park, she was crying
However, this is not the first time I saw her
Just sitting there, usually I just pass her by

I wanted to sit and comfort her
Let her cry on my shoulder just for a while
I am not a grand daughter but
I know that I can make some people smile

Not that she knew me
And not that she cared
But I know what it feels like
To be alone and scared

I got up the courage to walk over to her
And by her I gently sat down
I glanced over at her and she was looking at me
There were glistening lines leading to her frown

Her eyes were so bright green like diamonds
Her hair slightly wavy with hints of red in the gray
I wondered why she sits here and cries
Why no one comes with her, she is alone every day

Why does life hurt so much that she has to come
And sit on a bench in the park, by a pond with a white bridge
Why does she feel that life has condemned her
And made her every situation have a flaw or glitch

I wanted to ask her why but I couldn't find the words
She looked at me and spoke before I had time to think
She said, "I was crying, you saw." Then she turned away
I felt the heart inside of me begin to fall and quickly sink

Without ever looking at me again she
Said words that I will never forget
"It is hard not to cry dear when at the end of everyday,
You said everything you could say,
Fought every battle you could fight,
Screamed until your voice gave out,
Cried to keep things going as long as they could,
When the one thing you relied on went astray,
That is when you know all that you love will be carried away."

CATIE VIRGIN

Full Moon

I watch the moon,
that hoary spoon,
dip below the trees,
weave among the branches,
hide behind the hills,
and wait for it to peek
around the edge of cloud
that shrouds it like a veil.
I want to place it on my tongue
like a giant lemon drop
stolen from the store
and let it die while melting,
then crunch all that remains.
And so I watch the moon,
that tricky little spoon,
following the road,
staying out of reach,
keeping me from seeing
its shining-lemon twins
brightly flying forward
like children playing tag.
They win the game and leave me there
to lie across sharp metal,
drowning in silver-liquid light,
eyes unseeing gazing up.
In the sky that ancient moon
stands high on tip-toes
to see over the tree tops,
wondering why I've stopped
chasing it through the sky.

ANNA ELMORE

First Stages of Motherhood

Up late.

Soothing cries.

Fixing bottles.

Changing diapers.

Singing lullabies.

Nighttime, baby girl wants to play

She wants mommy to entertain

You are so tired and irritated

Wishing that she came with an OFF button

Up early.

Fixing bottles.

Changing diapers.

Giving baths.

Changing clothes.

If you never had a routine before

You are going to be in for a treat

The routine however is not set in stone

For a while, expect to do something every two hours

Staying awake.

Playing peek-a-boo.

Fixing bottles.

Changing diapers.

Taking naps.

Never like sleeping during the day, too bad

If you want rest, you will have to learn

To sleep when the baby sleeps

That's hard because there are bottles to clean, clothes to wash

Attempting sleep.

Hearing movement.

Soothing cries.

Nothing works.

Tension grows.

She cries and cries

You feel terrible, so you start crying too

What are you doing wrong

Why can't she just go back to sleep

Up late.

Fixing bottles.

Changing diapers

Soothing cries.

Singing lullabies.

Analysis

They say that learning breeds knowledge

An appreciation for life

Categorizing and counting,

The joys of the dissector's knife!

Unraveling meters and rhythms

Interpreting, translating time,

Alphabetizing neat parcels

So nothing is left undefined

The magic is gone from the story

The mysteries were solved long ago,

It's hard to entertain the learned ones

Who think they already know.

All questions and scruples are answered,

A fix for each problem or pain,

Yet with stacks of advice and instructions

I'm still standing out in the rain.

Wondering, "did they taste sweeter?"

Those raindrops before I could tell

Their polar, molecular structure,

And the rate at which those raindrops fell?

Do the stars have a new founded shimmer,

As I place them in straight stellar lines,

Or did they shine just as brightly before,

Not making zodiacal signs?

But all will remain when I've vanished,

As it has been before we knew time

The knowledge and judgments I hold in my head,

Will not make this world look sublime.

A joy in the mercy of living

Of wonder in what makes me breath

Grasping for what can't be measured,

The meaning that everyone needs

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

EVETTE REESE

Seeing Gray

An old couple sitting in front of me
They talk – no, she talks – about
Fantasy books
She imagines the romance in them and
He imagines what his food would actually taste
like
Without the medicine churning inside him
Black and white mixed nodding
His head up and down with that little
Yellow baseball cap
Every time she talks he nods
Up and down until he's forgotten
Why in hell she's talking so loudly about
fantasies
He leans over and his spine tickles
The curved majority of his back
It is now a C instead of the I he was once so
proud of
She can't understand what he's thinking
He can't understand what's so wrong with that
There's not much up there, after all, of
The thoughts that are racing around his head
And every day there is one less thought
To get across the finish line
As he lies in bed next to her
He sighs
And she's so beautiful so beautiful
Sitting there in front of him talking
About fantasies and bare-chested men...
She sighs
And is sad again
He touches her shoulder because
Because she dropped cheese on her shirt
And it will stain
If she doesn't get it out
She cleans it off and
Once again allows her sweet fantasies to
remain there
On her shirt
Until one day she won't be able to get them out
And she doesn't want to get them out
Not even for the man in front of her
Wearing a yellow baseball cap
Humming his thoughts away

CHLOE HOBDY

The Cottonwood Tree

As the cotton bolls squeeze through
the Santa Fe sidewalks to make giant
arches of green foliage, I take a step
through one especially large cottonwood
arch to return to the Mississippi Delta,
where the backs that did not look red
as my Santa Fe adobe home does, slaved
from sticky morns to grieving nights to
pick cotton bolls they placed in huge
white sacks that looked like a fleet of
drowning dirigible winter snow that
suddenly awakens to ride high on the
back of the Santa Fe River.

I turn to go back through the cottonwood
tree arch because I don't want to think
my illusions about suffering can be
traced to the flat land I endured as a
child. So I embrace the adobe redness
of the Santa Fe mesas, throwing my arms
around their high shoulders, just as I
rambled through the rolling jack lantern
hills the descending red Delta sun
created before night creased the Delta's
flatlands with a fear of the dark I will
have forever, for my people were
dark, and the red light of the Delta sun
did not care.

CLAIRES T. FEILD

Riven Demeanor

Reflection enveloped in an opaque eclipse
her copious eyes evade the shining glare
Blinking away gems in exchange for rubble
she gazes at a choate cheval glass
Spectacular orbs manifest a chimerical crevasse
Neglecting the sparkling teeth on a cherub face
and embracing rings encompassing weary eyes
she perceives onyx hair as barren soot
and minds honeyed lips as swollen stings
With an inhibited voice stitched to the back of her throat
minutes crash into her
With whimpers emerging in a gale force rush
she appears overtaken
Weighed down under the anvils that are bound to her bones
she desires a mended fissure
and covets the tempo
when she canvassed licit feet dancing on sea foam
and reminisced about licking the salted lips
Of those walking on water beside her.

CAITLIN KEARNS



Klompen- Elizabeth Moore

Smoothie in the Sun

Summer is a strawberry smoothie
with a paper umbrella floating at its surface...
it is sipped and stirred and savored,
and sometimes it is saved
for an especially hot moment later.

It sits patiently in its sweating glass
as the sun bathes it in yellow warmth;
and the tiny specks of ice begin to fade into the mixture,
like they are snoozing on rafts in a pool in the sun...
and then it is time for a new pitcher.

EMILY BECKETT

Misty Jazz

Dew frocks my windows

The twilight is thick with
An awkward awaiting Nature
Before morning and the grit.

As I'm sitting in the kitchen, grinding,
"Drip. Pot. Drip."

Sun come creeping over Autumn, yawning,
"Drip. Pot. Drip."

Hi-Ho! The trees wake swinging.

O' Crescendo. Vivace...

Sun come bringing Monday morning.
Drip. Pot. Drip.

And drags me from a warm bed.
Drip. Pot. Drip.

Sun breeds us in his image

And herds us through his system
To shake hands with every gray-suit
And praise his expectations.

Still, I swallow Monday morning, thinking,
Drip. Pot. Drip.

With a cup of bitter coffee, sipping,
Drip. Pot. Drip.

Hi-Ho! We dwarfs a'marching.

O' Rubato. Andante...

I twitch to steam and furnace.
Drip. Pot. Drip.

And howl to greet the morning,
"Drip.
Pot.
Drip."

DANIEL CHADWICK

Under It

I don't notice the sweat on his neck
As he runs next to me calling me
I don't notice the breath of his sleeve
As he holds my hand with
His thumb clicking with my own
But not with my own
I can't hear the scratch of his feet
When he stops and looks into my eyes
With such golden life
And... no, I'm not that sappy
I can't be that one who falls
Into him without a parachute
Without my clothes on
Without my best intentions in place
And yet
And yet it's a hard race between
Your head and your chest
Especially when he can see both pretty
Well by now
But no – I still don't see your lips
When they're telling me what's
So right with me
And what's so wrong with remembering
That you really do love me love me even
when
I can hear her in the background when you
call
And that is what is wrong
And why my chest remembers you but my
head
Does not
Because she belongs to you now
And that is her sweat upon your neck
And her breath upon your sleeve

CHLOE HOBDY

Waterwheel

The summer days spent near the waterwheel seem long ago, a locked forever. When we lay on the waterwheel's bank, our country hammock, we did not vocalize our exponential thoughts, the constant movement of the wheel mesmerizing our senses, the halcyon sun-flecks trickling through the leaves' holes, but the sun shining thoroughly on the Alyce clover, a cover crop for miles of land we hoped provided food for the spring peepers we had borrowed from the eastern states to let loose one deep and heavy night that was full of trucks with basso profundo horns.

CLAIRE T. FEILD



Flamenco Dancer- Abigail Moeller

Addiction

Addiction: One Passion
she simply was drawn to it by some
force of emotional gravity
with no clear indication
of what she should do—
she simply stares,
mesmerized by the metallic
ball that would fit in the
palm of her hand

it floats and stares back
as if it too has a spirit
as if it too wants attention
cautious, but growing in
curiosity, she reaches out

connection

the moment is beyond description
euphoric understates the magnitude

she lets go, slightly worn
from her experience, but
the doldrums set in—
monotony begs to be broken

connection

the most unnatural of highs
becomes normal—vital
for pleasure
unable to let go, her life
is driven by moments of
glory—
she is at the point from
which all beauty expands,
rays searching for the
extent of space

an outside observer, i watch
as her skin withers and
her hair burns,
her eyes blank, she drops dead

JACOB SMITH

Televangelic

"Right now you could join me and your brothers
and sisters for eternity
with your Heavenly Father
He welcomes the breast beating penitent
with stories of drastic redemption
from demon exercise
Take up the pleated, tied, buttoned down
stadium sanctuary of praise
and projector screen hymnals
We seek paradise and its thousand-year day
baptism in icy golden ponds
worship with the warbling grisly tunicced saints..."

I am turning to you channel thirty-two
I am dialing your toll-free telephone number
there are so many songs i might accompany
the room was growing noisy with salesmans' voices
but now it is Him-
Angels populate the powerlines
electronic winged seraphims
blast trumpets binary

The invitation hymn begins its lulling melody
and people flow down stadium steps
She lowers herself to the floor
and heaves a sobbing sigh
into the droning cathode ray tube
"Come home brothers and sisters..."
She whispers "hello" into the receiver
as the commercial
breaks in-
"Come on down to Serra Toyo..."

JOHN TYLER YOUNG

Nightingale

Freedom's companion, the nightingale,
Whose spreaded wings through Heaven sails.
Oh bliss, what peace is this she finds?
Broken are her tangled binds.

For with no will she lies quite dead.
Like leaves of fall, her spirit shed.
Bound by bars, her blood turned cold.
Too heavy was hope to hold.

For long a cage, her hated foe,
Mocked all wisdom as does the crow.
How innate was her flying soul,
A dance through which her sweet songs troll.

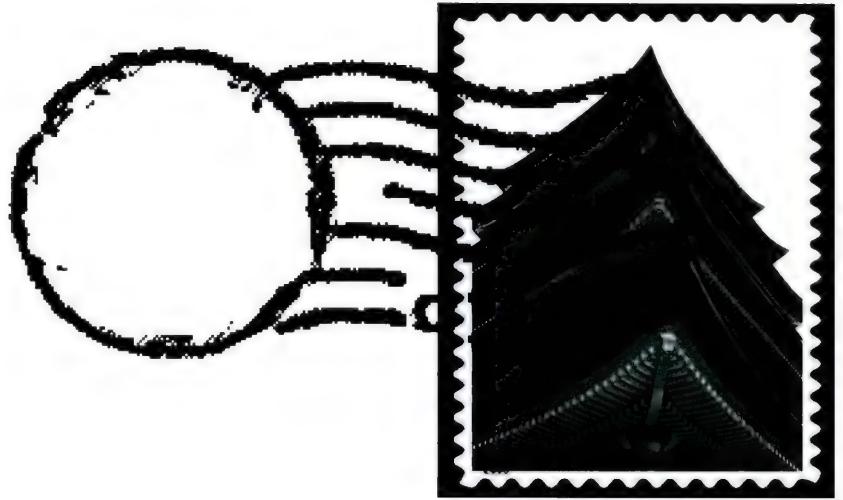
MARTHA LEE ANNE RYALS

Different

Everybody's different
He said
There's black people, Hispanic people,
Little people, gay people,
Everybody's different
He said

I liked the idea of equality
But I couldn't help but wonder—
Different from what?

JACOB SMITH



Music For Us

If you were a guitar, I'd be your strings.

I'd want you to run your fingers across me at the perfect tempo.

If you were the stand that supported me, I'd want to be your mic.

I'd want you to hold me close but carefully and let your lips graze against me.

If you were a song, I'd want to be your lyrics.

I'd want to help you find the right words when it's hard for you.

If I were your voice, I'd want to be the high note.

The one you work hard for and you smile when you hit.

If you were angry, I'd remind you to breathe.

I'd tell you how adorable I thought you were and kiss the rage away.

If you were hurting, I'd be your band-aid.

I'd stick on tight and only leave when you're healed.

If you were tired, I'd rub your head.

I'd never give up until your breath turned shallow and I'd whisper, "Sweet Dreams"

If you were sad, I'd be your tears.

I'd wash the pain away and cleanse your soul.

If you were happy, I'd want to be the reason why.

RACHEL MARTIN

Sisters

“She lost the baby”
abortive euphemism tossed down the hall
after the perfunctory peck, grope, slap
– the folks are home –
interrupts dinner’s cutting, chopping,
quartering and I wonder
if the chicken dinner
had it good,
if quality of life matters in grading poultry,
if I could swap the offal
for the cat I’m dissecting in Anatomy class,
if it serves best
as substitutionary sacrifice,
offering for the siege
of my sister’s soul.

I retreat to the room we share
just off the kitchen,
watch the green of her eyes
deepen, drip the jade
of a century’s tears, think
how easy it would have been
to run away, back then, before,
to live in the woods,
eat robin’s eggs,
drink from the daffodils,
dress in hibiscus.

“She’ll get over it” he snorts
from the sink, wiping
his guilt on rough,
sweaty pockets, well
of our lives,
dingy, meager,
indifferent.
“Don’t burn the bread again,”
as he settles into the recliner.
“Send her here with a beer.
And a smile.”

TAMMY UZZETTA

Death

The pigs are sending me out to war
The pigs are telling me we need more
Beat the man in evil tales
Beat the man where oil dwells
Our lives he threatens with his arms
Kills the children rapes their moms
But our society so elite
Must bring the others to defeat
We need a scapegoat for our hate
Independence except your fate
Hypocritical muslim masses
Kill for peace shoot our asses
Kill for god in his name die
With words of peace by your side
American ideals so supreme
How we wouldn’t do the same
Would we then welcome with open arms
The men with tanks the men with bombs
In our land they would tread
Would a christian god prevent the dead
All are wrong all are right
To just be different to start a fight

A.I.



Asia



Design

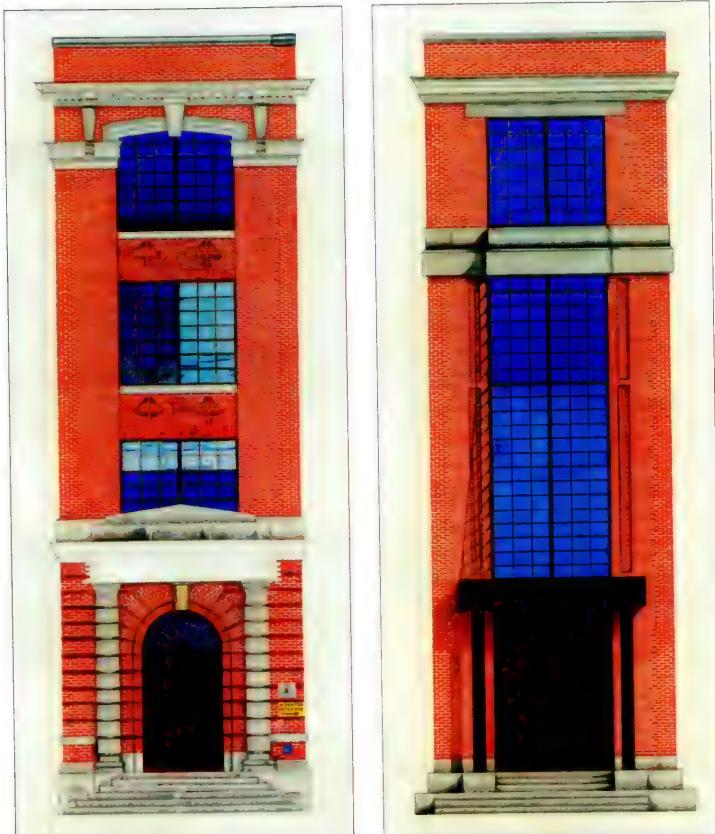


Greenfinger
Katie Rhea

Cookends
Katie Rhea

Building Renderings
Chris Bisset

Auburn
Amanda Claybrook

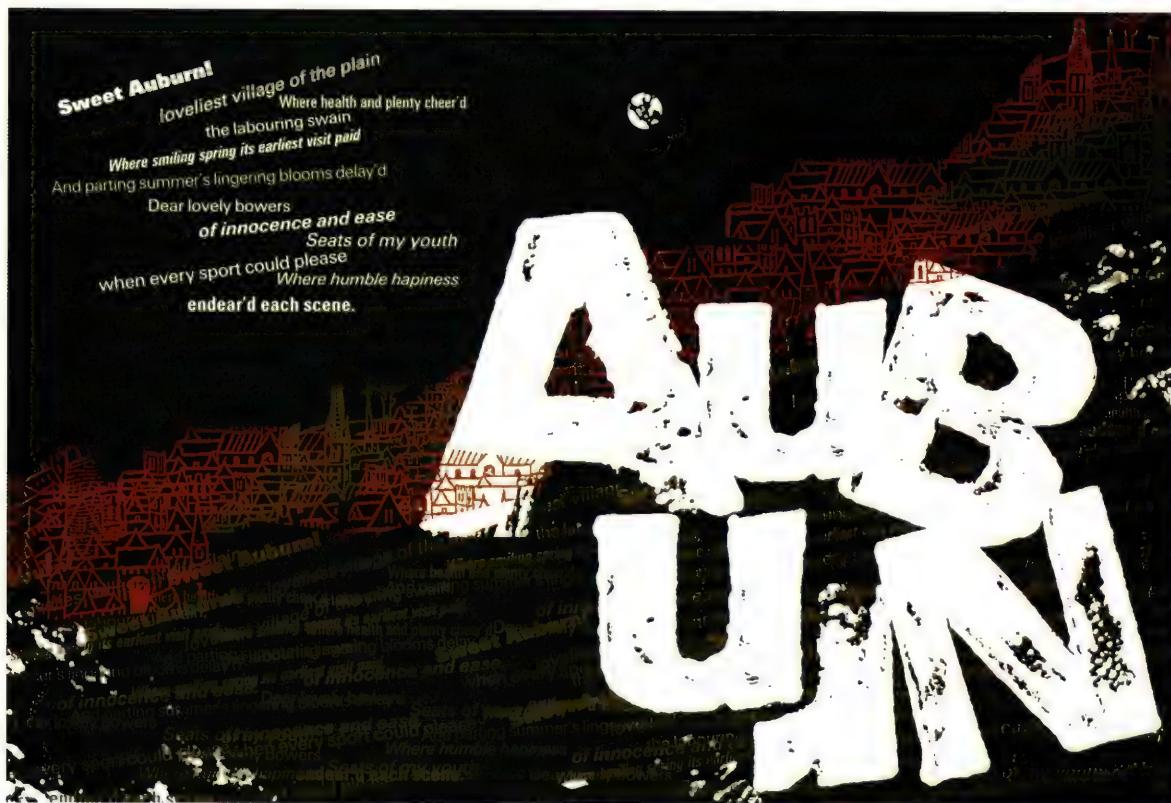




*Starr Boards Custom Skateboard
Sunburst
Courtney Starr*

*Paint Splatter
Courtney Starr*

*Lovliest Village
Erika Bilbo*



Page 68:

Cafe Section 1
Dana Amos

Laura Coyle Poster
Emily Krenkel

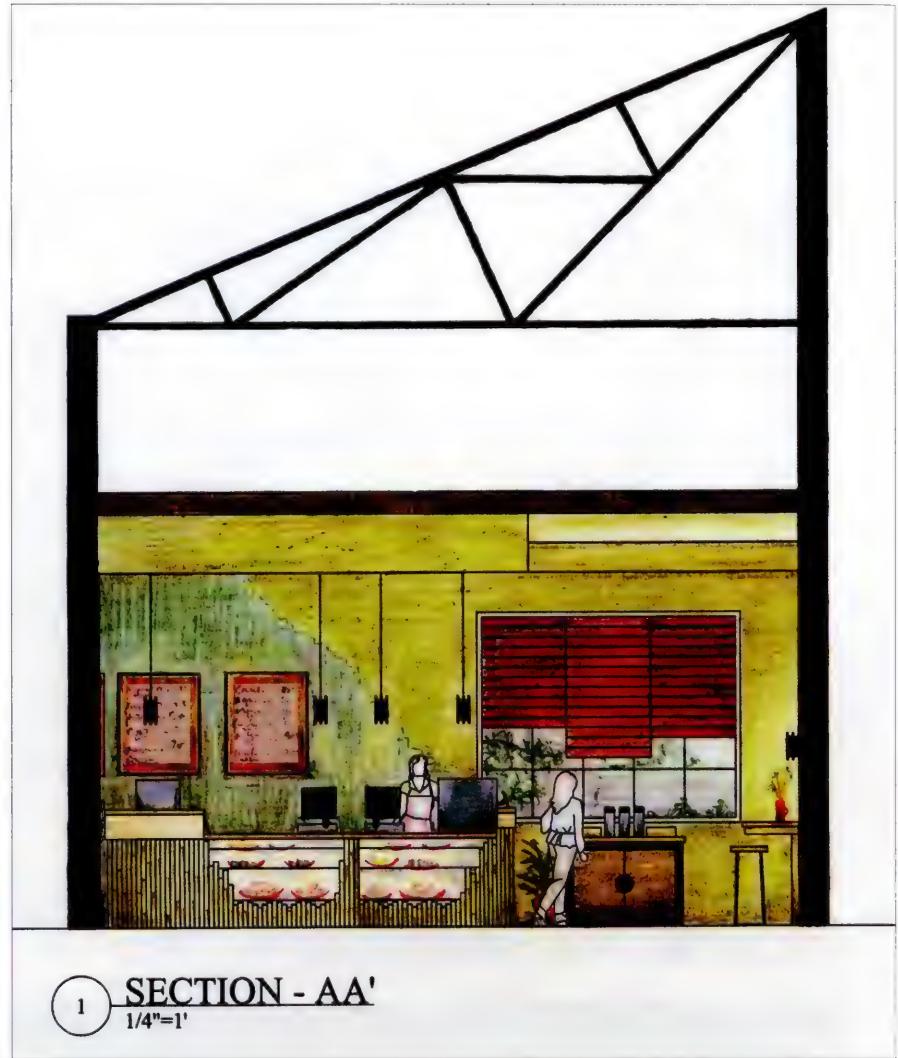
Paradise Found
David J. Perry

Page 69:

Cafe Section 2
Dana Amos

Figure
John Doyle

Design Yourself
Elizabeth Wilbourne





Design () YOURSELF.

The Design-it-Yourself Revolution

Friday, October 26, 2007
7:00 PM

Wolfsonian - Miami Beach
1001 Washington Ave
Miami Beach, FL 33139

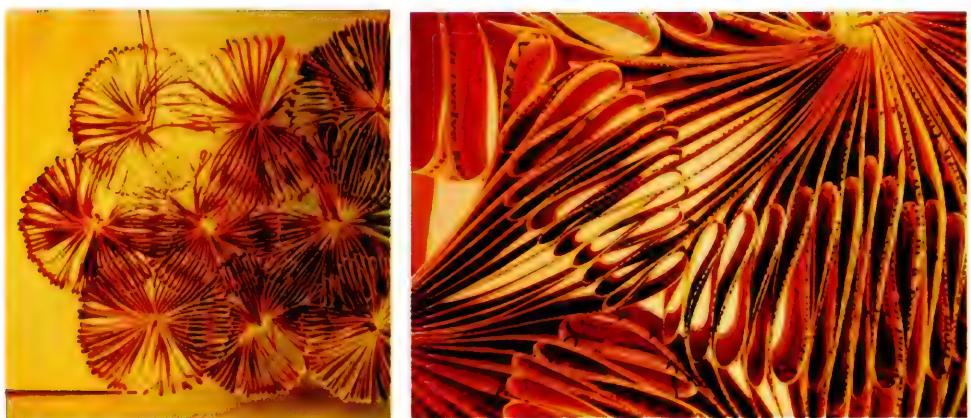
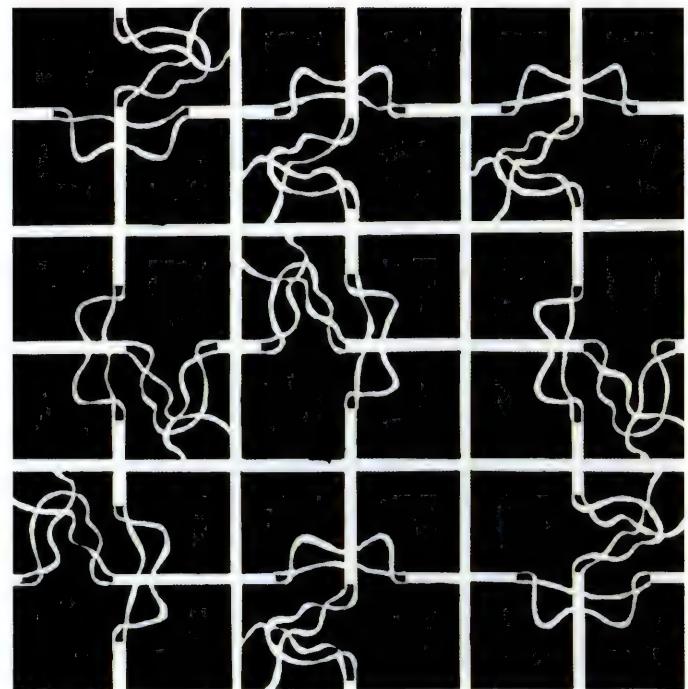
Design is a way of thinking and creating that is accessible to everyone. Ellen Lupton, an esteemed graphic designer, draws from her books, including D.I.Y.: Design It Yourself, to demonstrate ways to incorporate design in everyday life.

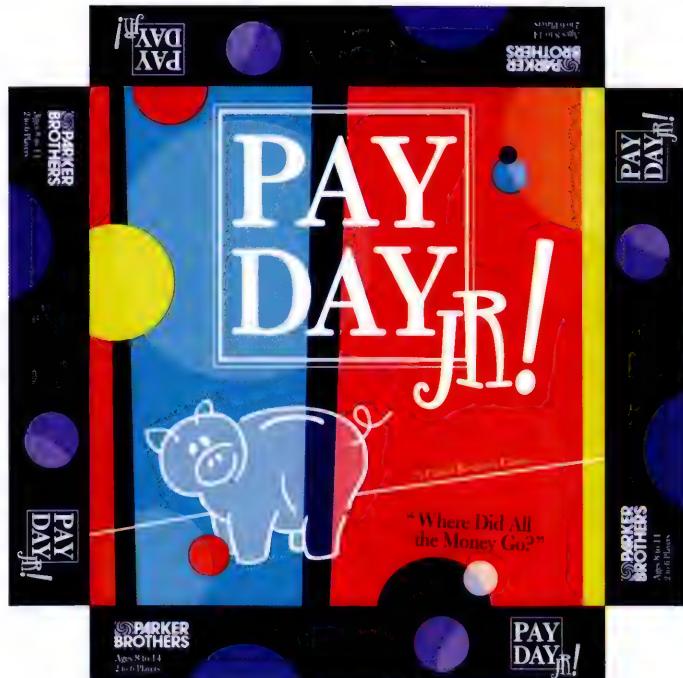
AIGA

2D Design Project
John Doyle

Denim Lam
Matthew Smith

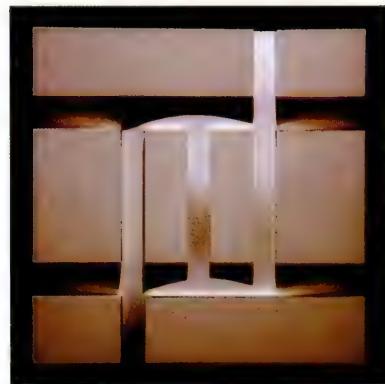
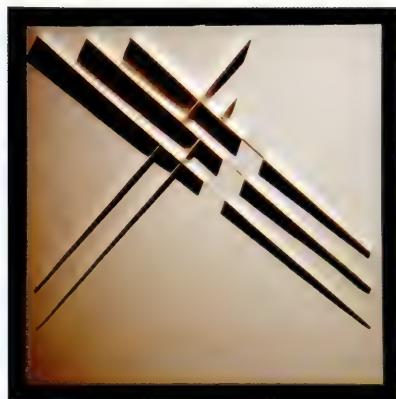
Untitled
Terran Wilson





Pay Day Boxcover and Gameboard
Emily Krenkel

Place, Space, Light
Chris Bisset



Intro, Florscape, Greenwall
Holly Cook

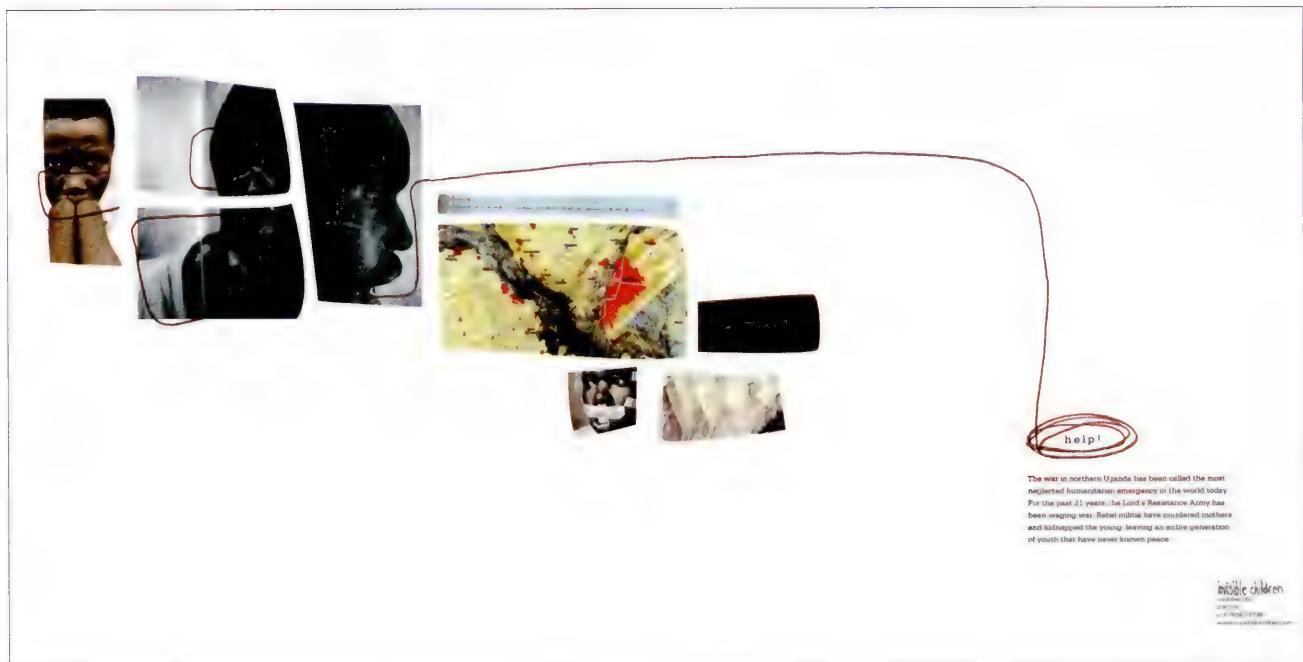


Briidge and Pavillion
Holly Cook



Boston Big Dig Redevelopment
Matthew Smith

Help
Laura Goehring



The war in northern Uganda has been called the most neglected humanitarian emergency in the world today. For the past 21 years, the Lord's Resistance Army has been waging war. Rebel militia have murdered mothers and kidnapped the young, leaving an entire generation of youth that have never known peace.



Fashion
Jana McClung

West Entrance
Lauren Brabson

Bamboozled
Dana Amos

Final
Kyle Lechtenberg



Page 74: *Let Them Eat Cake* Cafe Interior
K. Faith Morgan

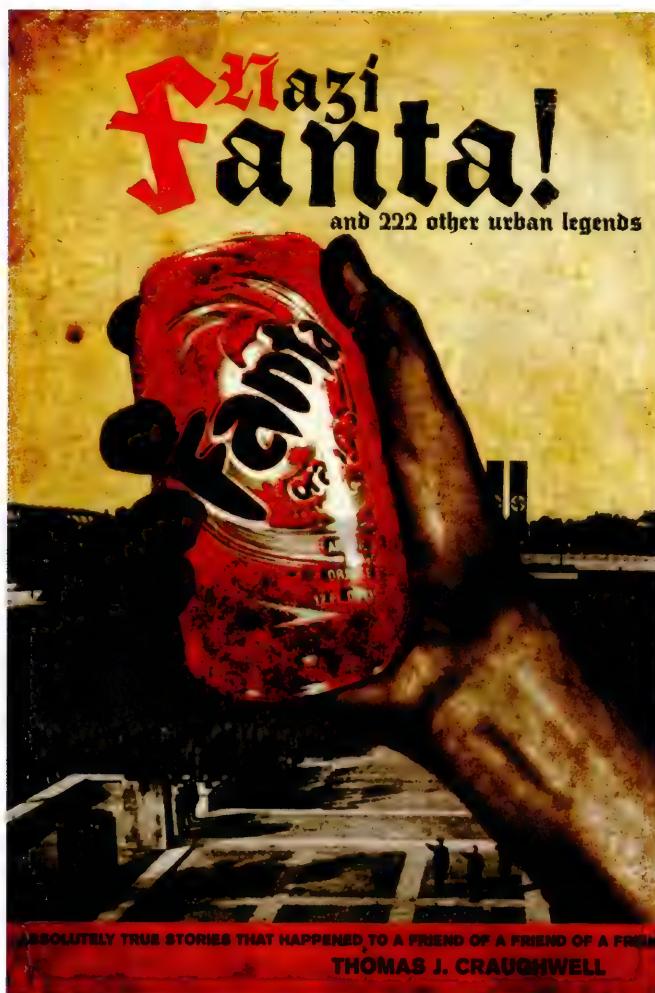
Urban Legends Book Cover
Josh LaFayette

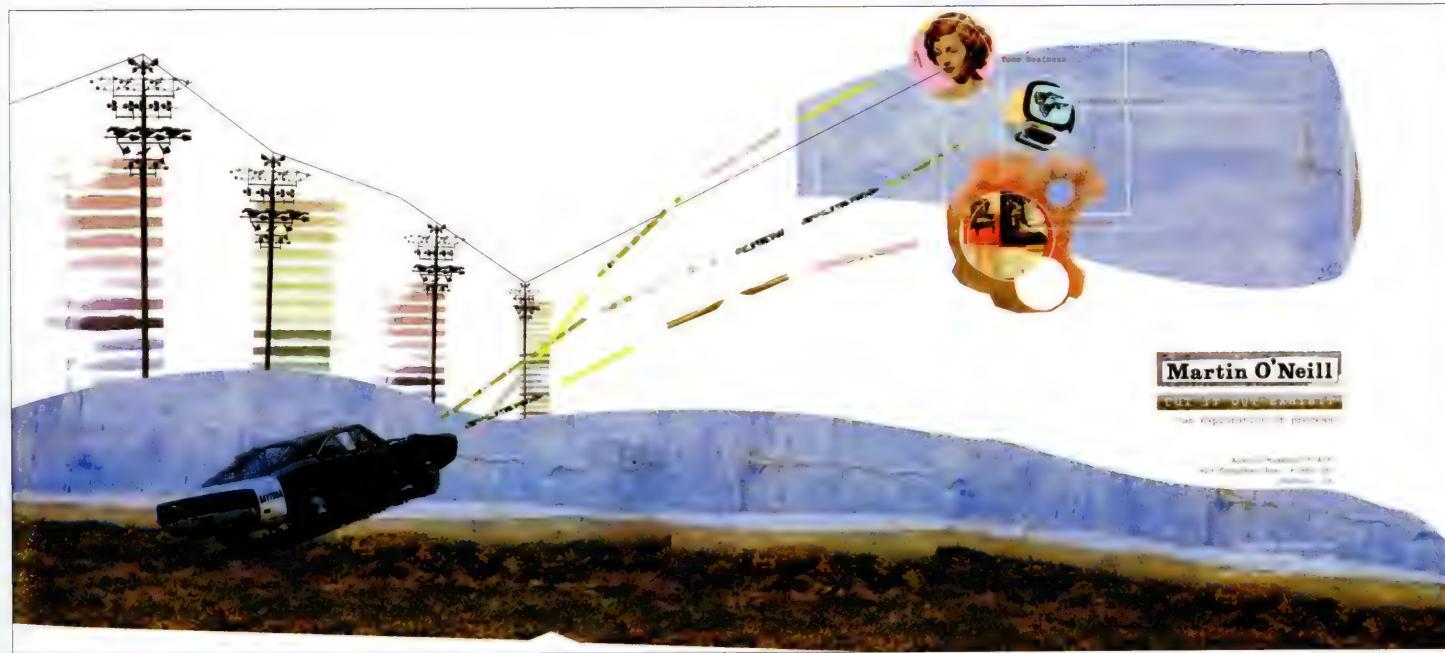
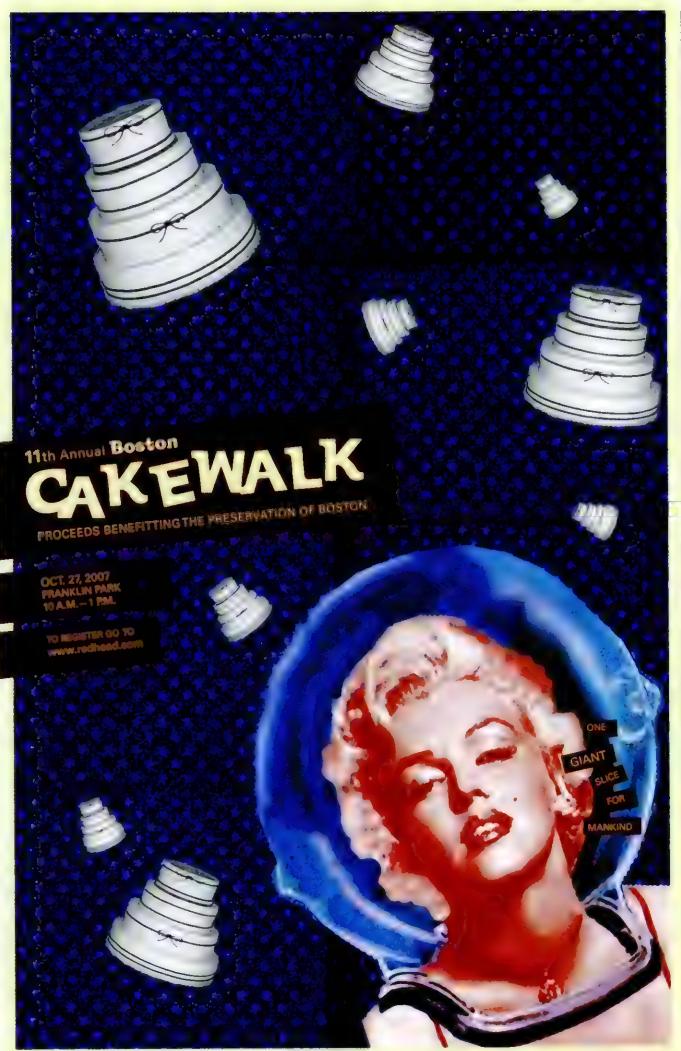
Constructivist Exhibition Poster
Josh LaFayette

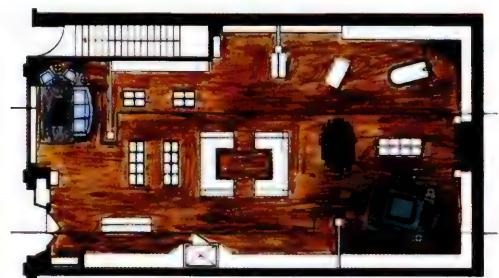
Page 75:
Film Festival Poster
Erika Bilbo

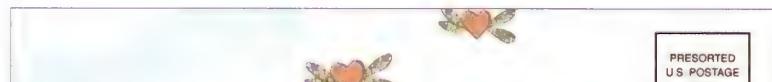
Cakewalk
Laura Goehring

Martin O'Neill
Laura Goehring









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Restoration Hardware
Leslie McClenney

Page 76

Ballroom Lobby Interior
K. Faith Morgan

Staircase
K. Faith Morgan

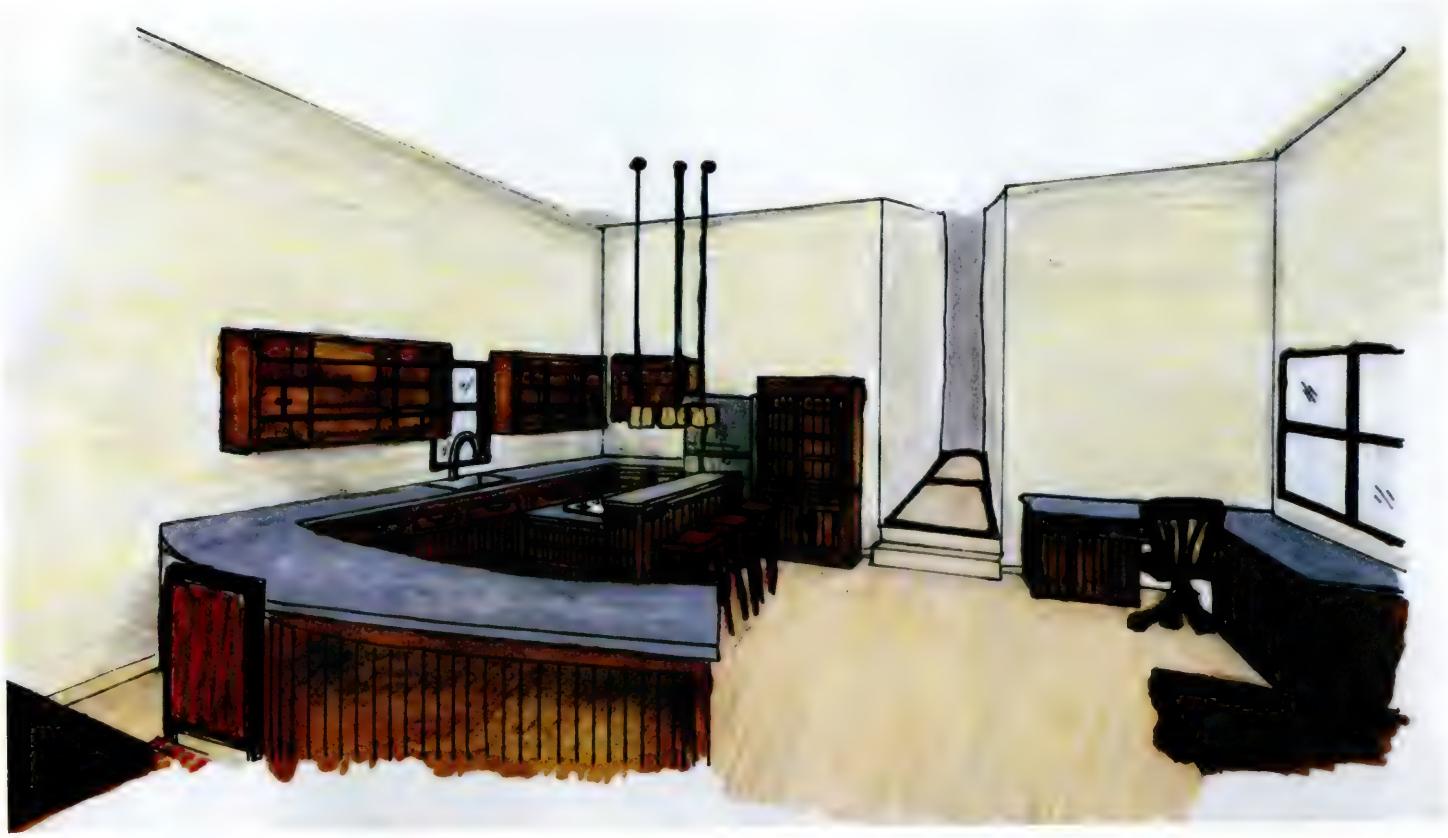
Nudge Petal
Katie Rhea

A Piece for Peace
Julia Broder

Page 77

Layla Bag
Christina Postell

Spring 2008 77



Kitchen Perspective
Leslie McClenney

FLORscape
Nick Henniger

Boardroom
Dana Amos

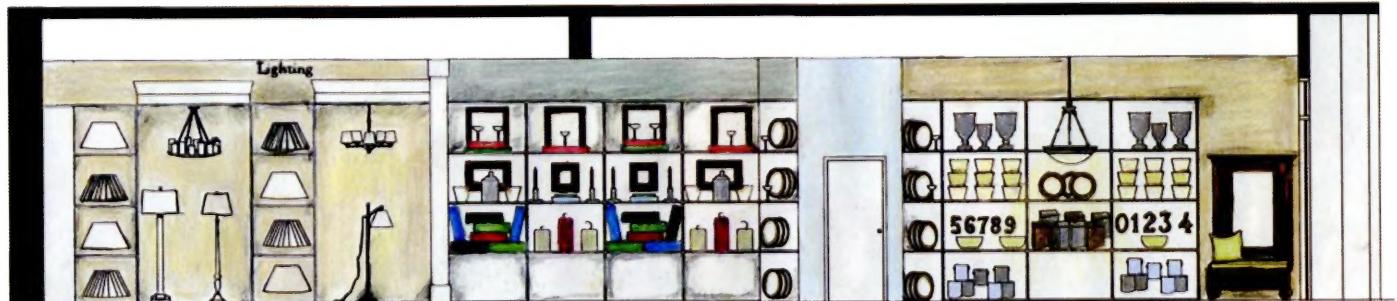
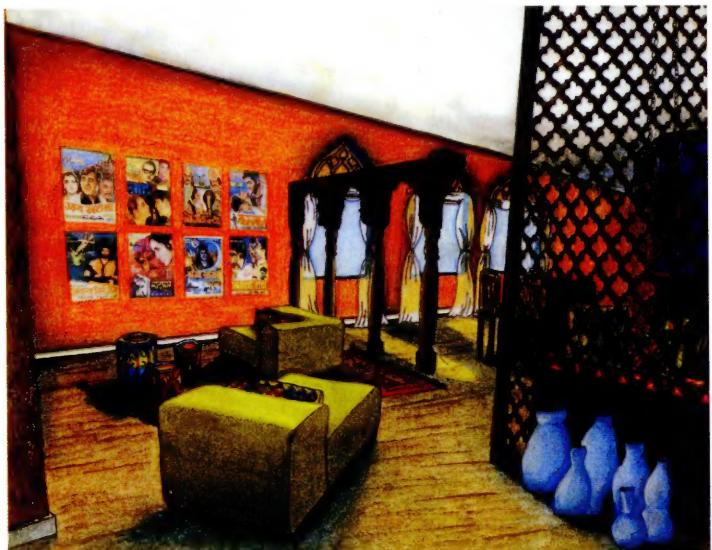




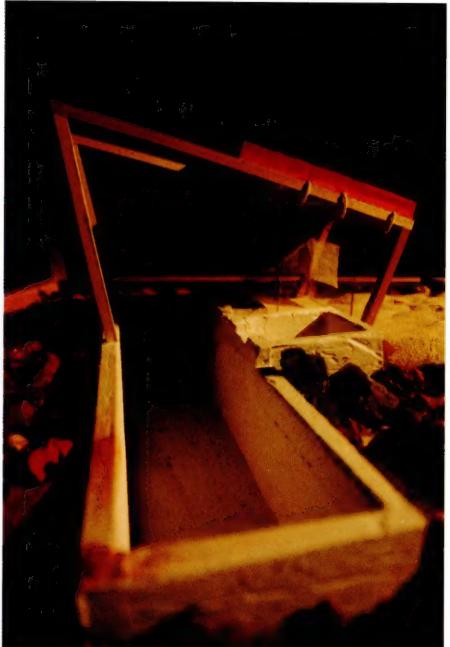
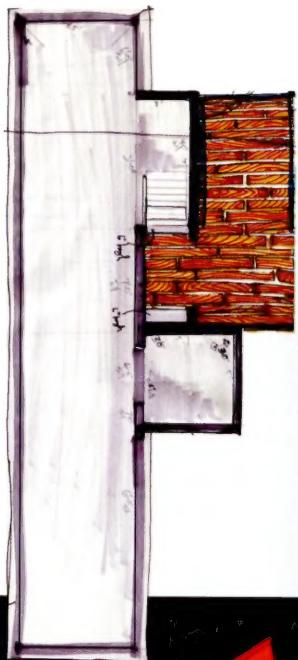
Dining Area in Martini Bar and Restaurant
Leslie McClenney

Indiaroom
Lauren McCaul

Restoration Hardware
Leslie McClenney

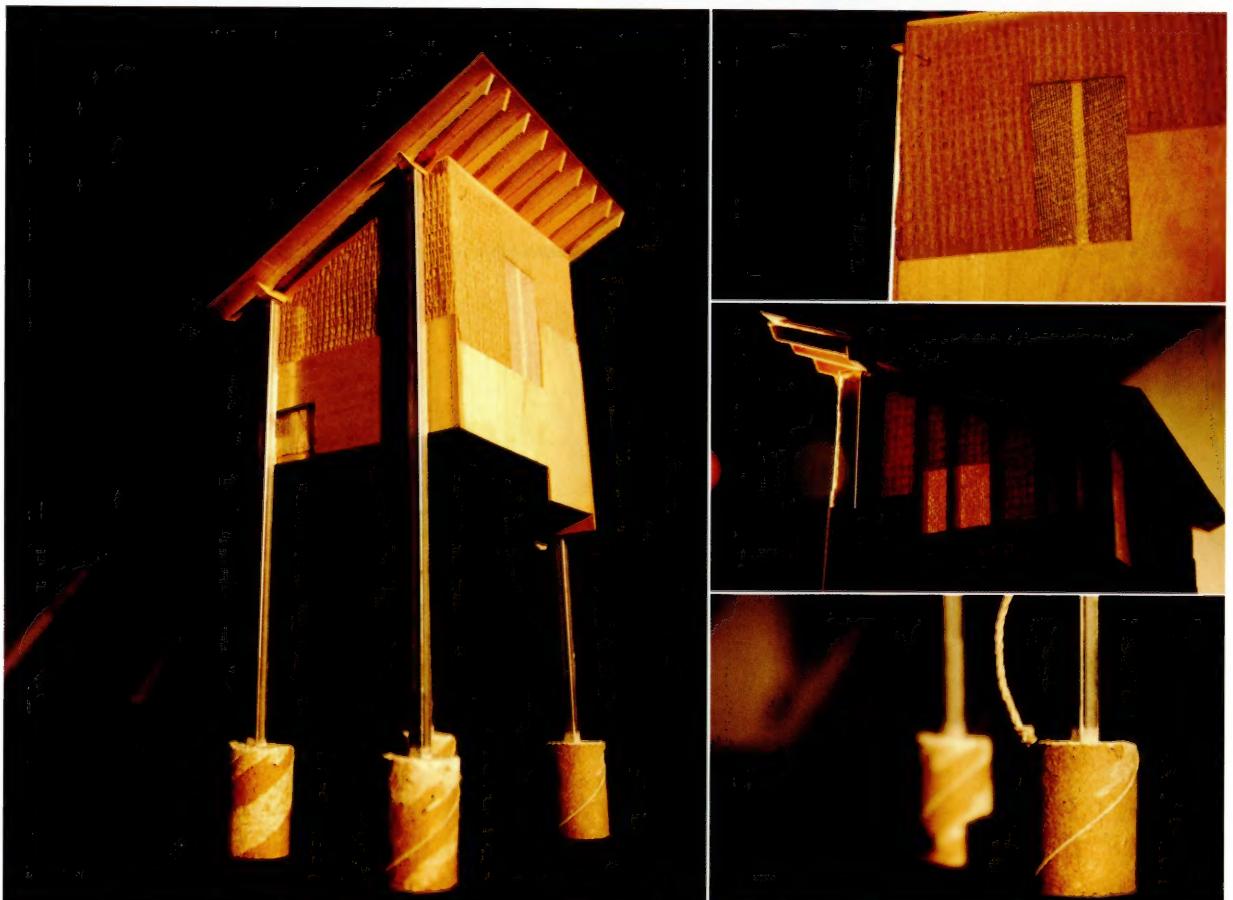
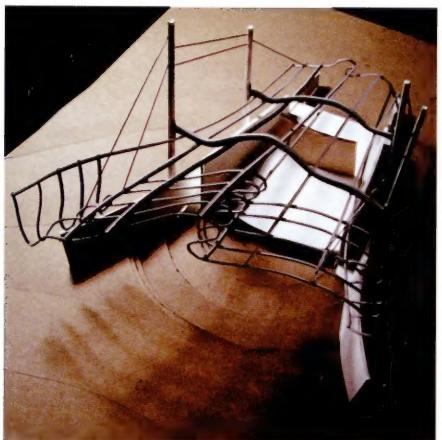


Music Room
Nick Henniger



Nova Scotia Lap Pool
Matthew Smith

Meditate
Matthew Smith



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